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WITTICISMS.

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Countenance.

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Improvement of both Sexes.

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And comely in a thousand Shapes appears. COWLEY.

Life's a Jest. GAY.

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of the various *Toasts, Sentiments, and Hob-Nobs*, now in Fashion.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in *Fleet-street.* 1777.

[Price One Shilling.]



The ART of STORY-TELLING.

TO please Company by telling a Tale, or repeating a Jest, is an Art which is often acquired without a learned Education, as many of the Inhabitants of London can testify, who have heard Doctor Rock, sitting on his Pyeball'd Horse, harangue in Covent-Garden-Market, near 1000 of both Sexes, who were Spectators and Swallowers of his Wit.

To attain this great and pleasing Art, I must recommend, that my Pupil shall observe Nature as the Ground-work of the whole System, for the Tale that is unnatural is unpleasing; and I would advise, that he be not too close a Copyist of the Story he hears, but rather tell it in his own Way, and strive to improve it; for if he be only an Imitator, his Jest or Tale will become faint and spiritless. All Stories are to be improved, or made worse, according as they are told; and some unthinking Persons will mangle a good Jest as Jack Wronghead did the following:

Three Gentlemen, being met over a Bottle, whose Names were Strange, Moore, and Wright; and after several smart Things had past between them, Wright began the following triplicit Joke: Says he—Here are three married Men in Company, and but one Cuckold, and that is Strange!—Yes, replies Strange, (immediately) there is one More.—Ay, Egad, cries Moore, (directly) and that is Right.

Now, here, Mr. Wright, who begun the *Last*, finding the last Stroke rest upon himself, was, in an Instant, like a Top, whipt fast asleep.—Mr. Witwou'd, an Acquaintance of mine (who had heard this Story told, and much commended for its quick and smart Turns of Wit, tho' he knew not whereabouts it lay, (for he, as my Reader will find, was absolutely out of the Plot) had in his Turn a mind to entertain a Number of us (who were at that Time in Company with him) with the Recital of this good Story, and which he told as follows.

Three Gentlemen (says he) happened to be in Company, whose Names were Wright, Strange, and Moore; Moore says to the other two, here are three married Men in this Company, and but one Cuckold, and that is wonderful.—Yes, replied Strange, there is one other.—Ay, egad! cries Wright, and that is true.

Now, these Repartees being totally annihilated by his ingenious Way of telling his Story, and most of the Company having heard it before, instead of our laughing at the Wit of his Tale, we could not help turning it with Contempt upon poor Wronghead, for his Manner of marring it.

A Cocker should, in telling a Tale, stick as it were to his Last, and not use any learned Words, lest it should prove that he has waded out of his Depth.

As Tale-telling gives Life to Conversation, they that practise it should never tell any Stories
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but such as seem to rise from the Subject they are engaged in, and which may serve to illustrate and enliven it; for Story-telling doth not consist so much in Wit as in Humour, which must be frequently assisted by chearful Looks, and whimsical Motions of the Body.

The best Story-teller is he who tells a great deal in a few Words, engages your Attention, pleases your Imagination, or quickly excites your Laughter.

The long Story-teller is one who tells little or nothing in many Words, as thus—I remember once upon a Time, I believe it may be somewhere about nineteen or twenty years ago—No, I lye, it was about fifteen years ago, for it was just when my Wife was lying-in of Dicky. I remember particularly the Midwife would have had me stay, to keep her Company, and it was the heaviest Day of Storm and Rain, that I ever saw before or since; but because I engaged to preach for a very worthy Friend of mine, who lived about twenty Miles off, and this being Saturday, I could not defer it till the next Morning, though I had an excellent Nag, which could have rid it in three Hours; I bought him of a Neighbour, one Mr. Masterson, yet, because I would not put my Friend in a Fright, &c. Thus far he went in one Minute. The Story lasted an Hour; so that upon a fair Computation, he spoke 7140 Words more than he had Occasion for.

The Marvellous is he who is fond of telling such Things as no Man can believe.

One of these, who had travelled to Damascus, told his Company that the Bees of that Country were as big as Turkeys. Pray, Sir, said a Gentleman, begging Pardon for the Question, how large are the Hives? The same Size with ours, replied the Traveller. Very strange! said the other; but how got they into their Hives? That is none of my Business! Egad! let them look to that!

The Insipid, who may not improperly be called the Soporific, is one, who goes plodding on, in a heavy dull Relation of unimportant Facts; you shall have an Account from such a Person, of every minute Circumstance, which happen'd in the Company where he has been; what he did, and what they did; what they said, and what he said; with a Million of trite Phrases.

The Delightful Story-teller is one, who adds not a Word too much, or says too little; who can, in a careless Manner, give a great deal of Pleasure to others, and desires rather to divert, than be applauded; who shews good Understanding, and a delicate Turn of Wit, in every thing that comes from him; who can entertain his Company, though he only tells a Tale of a Child and its Hobby-horse.

T H E

L O N D O N J E S T E R.

The young, the old, the grave, the gay,
With us may spend the chearful Day:
The Wit, the Fool, the Rich, the Poor,
The Parson grave, the painted W—,
The humdrum Lawyer and his Client,
And the prim Lady, who cries *Fy-on't*,
May all find STORIES to their Palate,
In this our Dish of well-made Sallad.

A *London Tradesman on his Journey, being at an Inn, told a most surprising Story; and in order to enforce Belief, said it was so unaccountable, so every way wonderful, that he never could have believed it, if he had not seen it himself; yet, when the Company doubted of the Fact, he seemed angry, and turning round to one of them, said he thought himself ill used; Not so, says a Country Shopkeeper, we have none of us seen this wonderful Phenomenon, and, as you say, you would not have*

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believed.

believed it if you had not seen it, you ought to allow others to be as cautious and sensible as yourself.

Nat. Barton the Jockey entered the Room during this Debate, to whom the angry Gentleman complained of their Behaviour; and having repeated the Story, and without waiting for an Answer, turned to the Company, and said, that he knew Nat. would believe it. *O yes, said Nat. that I'll do, I'll believe it with all my Heart; but there is not one in a hundred that would.*

When Mrs. Macaulay published her *Loose Thoughts*, Foote, who was in Company with Garrick, said it was a very improper Title for a Lady; to which the other replied, he was of a different Opinion, for the sooner a Woman gets rid of *such thoughts* the better.

A Mountebank in *Leicester-Fields* had drawn a huge Assembly about him; amongst the rest, a fat unwieldy Fellow, half stifled in the Press, would be every Fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy Crowd is here! Pray, good People, give Way a little! What a Devil has rak'd this Rabble together? Zounds! what a squeezing is this! Honest Friend, remove your Elbow. At last, a Weaver, who stood next him, could hold no longer. A Plague confound you, said he, for an overgrown Sloven; and who, in the Devil's Name, helps to make up the Crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a Pox, that you take up more Room with that Carcase, than any five here? Is not the Place as fit for us as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reasonable Compass, and be damn'd; and then I'll engage, we shall have Room enough for us all.

The late Dr. *Cheyne* and Dr. *Tadlow* were exceedingly corpulent; but the last was by much
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the largest. *Cheyne*, coming into the Coffee-house one Morning, and observing *Tadlow* alone and pensive, asked him what had occasioned his Melancholy? *Cheyne*, says he, I have a very serious Thought come athwart me, I am considering how the People will be able to get you and I to the Grave when we die. *Why*, says *Cheyne*, *six or eight stout Fellows may take me there at once; but it is certain that you must be carried at twice.*

It was upon the above *Tadlow*, that the following witty Epigram was written :

When *Tadlow* walks the Streets, the Pavours cry,
God bless you, Sir!—and lay their *Rammers* by.

When Drams were more in vogue than they are at present, a Gentleman called for a Glass of Brandy at the *Smyrna*, because, he said, he was very hot. Bring me one, Waiter, says another, for I am very cold. *It is a strange Thing*, says a third, *that People can't find an Excuse for their Follies, without insulting the good Sense of the Company. Here, bring me a Dram, Boy, for I like it.*

A Physician, boasting his great Knowledge in his Profession, said he never heard any Complaint from his Patients; a By-stander wittily replied, *Very likely, Doctor, for the Faults of Physicians are generally buried with their Patients.*

Mr. *Thomas Fuller*, a Man admired for his Wit, but whose great Fault was, that he would rather lose his Friend than his Jest, having made some Verses upon a scolding Wife, Dr. *Cousins*, his Patron and Benefactor, hearing them repeated, desired Mr. *Fuller* to oblige him with a Copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, tho' wittily replied, *'Tis needless to give you a Copy, Doctor, for you have the Original.*

A Gentleman going to take Water at *Whitehall Stairs*, cried out, as he came near the Place, *Who can swim?* I, Master, said forty bawling Mouths; when the Gentleman observing one flinking away, called after him; but the Fellow turning about said, Sir, *I cannot swim*; Then you are my Man, said the Gentleman, for you will at least take care of me, for your own Sake.

When the celebrated Doctor *Taylor* first set up his Coach, he consulted with *Foote* about the choice of a Motto. *What are your Arms?* says the Wit. *Three Mallards*, cried the Doctor. *Very good*, says *Foote*, *Why then the Motto I would recommend to you is, Quack—Quack—Quack.*

Baron *B—*, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed Baron*, being detected some years ago at *Bath* secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one pair-of-stairs-room*, where they had been playing. The baron meeting *Foote* some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. *Do*, says the Wit, *Why it is a plain Case, never play so high again as long as you live.*

A certain swaggering Officer being in Company with Mr. *Charles B—der*, bragg'd egregiously of the Number he had slain by his own Hand abroad, insomuch that, by his own Account, he had demolished at least five hundred.—Sir, says *Charles*, *I have killed in my Time, let me see—five at Madrid—ten at Lisbon—twenty at Paris—thirty at Vienna, and double the Number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarcely disembarked before a desperate Son of a Bitch of a Fellow killed me.*—Killed you! says the Officer—*D—n you, what do you mean by that?* Sir, replies *Charles*,
I did

I did not dispute your Veracity, and why should you question mine?

A certain *Kentish* Nobleman being in Company with some *Scotch* Officers, was bragging of the Situation of his Villa, and the Pleasantness of the Country in general; but above all, insisted upon his peculiar Happiness (as he had a musical Ear) in having such a Multitude of *Nightingales* about him. *Nightingales!* says a bonny Scot; we have an Infinity of them near *Edinburgh*—Sir, replies my Lord, I thought those Birds had never reach'd so far North: pray what kind of a Thing is a *Nightingale*? *My Lord*, rejoins the *Scotsman*, *it is a boot as bug as a Pudgion, and has a Head like a Cat, and cries whoo, whoo, whoo.*

A Nobleman, remarkable for his Good-nature and Affability, ordering his Servant pretty late at Night to go with a Message a considerable Distance from the Place where he was then in Company; the Fellow did not receive his Master's Commands with that Chearfulness he ought. The Nobleman, after the Man had left the Room, asked Mr. *Farquhar*, Whether he did not think his Footman seem'd somewhat sulky at receiving his Orders, and what could be the Meaning of it? *My Lord*, says *Farquhar*, *you are a good Master to your Servants, and as nobody can do too much for a good Master, your Man, I suppose, is determined he never will.*

A Gentleman just married, telling *Foote* he had that Morning laid out three thousand Pounds in Jewels for his dear *Wife*. *Faith*, Sir, says the Wit, *I see you are no Hypocrite, for she is truly your dear Wife.*

A young Widow of Wit, Beauty, and Fortune, was courted by a Country Gentleman, who, ac-

according to the vulgar Notion, thought that those Freedoms which would disgust a Virgin, were absolutely necessary to be used in courting a Widow; and therefore at the first Visit behaved very indelicately, both in Speech and Actions; on which the Lady angrily asked him the Meaning of such rude Behaviour! he replied, You must excuse me, Widow, it is Spring Time, and the Sap will rise, *Truly then, says the Lady, I will rise up too, for you are too sappy for me*; and so getting up, walked off and left him.

Another going one Day to visit a young Lady to whom he paid his Addresses, he happened to have a little Greyhound Bitch with him; which being a handsome Creature of the Kind, the Lady admired it, saying, Dear me, what a pretty Dog this is! *You are mistaken, answered the Bumpkin, it is not a Dog, but one of your own Sex, Madam.*

A Gentleman, the first Time of his coming to Bath, was very extravagantly charged for every Thing by the Persons in whose House he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occasion to deal with; of which, some Time after, complaining to Beau Nash; Sir, replied the latter, *they have acted towards you on truly Christian Principles. How so?* says the Man. *Why, returned Nash, you was a Stranger, and they took you in.*

Beau Nash being in Company, among whom there was a Gentleman who was remarkable for a kind of rude satyrical Wit, and who having leveled his Jeers at almost all present, chiefly by mimicking their Voices, Gestures, or *taking them off*, as it is commonly called; Nash, expecting it would presently come to his Turn, got up, and was going away. When being asked the Reason of his leaving the Company so soon, he replied, *In order to*
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save the Gentleman the Trouble of taking me off, I think it is best to take myself off; and so departed.

One *Easter Monday*, an arch Rogue meeting a blind Woman, who was crying Puddings and Pies, took her by the Arm and said, Come along with me, Dame, I am going to *Moorfields*, where, this Holyday-time, you may chance to meet with good Custom.—Thank'e kindly, Sir, says she. Whereupon he conducted her to *Cripplegate Church*, and placed her in the middle Isle. Now, says he, you are in *Moorfields*; which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, *Hot Puddings and Pies! hot Puddings and Pies! come, they are all hot! &c.* which caused the whole Congregation to burst out in a loud Laughter; and the Clerk came and told her she was in a Church; you are a lying Son of a Whore, says she. Which so enraged the Clerk, that he dragged her out of the Church; she cursing him all the while; nor would she believe him 'till she heard the Organ play.

In the Reign of King *Henry VIII.* a facetious spendthrift Nobleman, having lately sold a whole Manor, consisting of near an hundred Tenements, came strutting to Court in a new rich Suit, saying, *Am not I a mighty Man, to bear an Hundred Houses upon my Back?* Which Cardinal *Wolsey* hearing, said, *You had much better have paid your Debts.—What you say is very right,* replied the Nobleman, *for I owe your Father * Three Half-pence for a Sheep's Head: Come, write me a Receipt, and here's Twopence for it.*

A great Crowd being gathered about a poor *Cobler*, who had just died in the Street, a Man asked the Watchman what was to be seen? Only a *Cobler's End*, replied he.

* His Father was a Butcher at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*.

Two Country Attornies, overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his Fore-horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? the Waggoner knowing them, answer'd, *That his Fore-horse was a Lawyer, and the rest were his Clients.*

As a Boy was leading a Calf with both Hands, a Nobleman happened to pass by upon the Highway; the Boy, it seems, minded the Calf more than the Lord, and went drudging on, without moving his Hat. *Why, Sirrah,* says the Nobleman, *have you no more Manners than to stand staring me in the Face with your Hat on?* *Alas,* says the Boy, *I'll pull off my Hat with all my Heart, if your Lordship will but 'light, and hold my Calf in the mean time.*

A merry Cobler, as he sat stitching in his Stall, was singing a Piece of his own Composition, wherein he very often repeated these Words, viz. *The King said to the Queen, and the Queen said to the King.* — What was it the King said to the Queen? said one who heard him. *Crispin* snatches up his Strap, and lays it, with all his Might, across the Shoulders of the impertinent Querist: *How now, Sauce-box!* says he, *it's a fine Age we live in, when such Coxcombs as you must be prying into Matters of State! I'd have you to know, Sirrah, I am too loyal a Subject to betray the King's Secrets; and pray get you gone, and don't interrupt me in my lawful Occupation, lest I stick my Awl in your Arse, and put an End to your Folly.*

A young Lady asked a Gentleman, who was a Lawyer, what was the most surprising Curiosity in all Sir Hans Sloane's Collection? he answered, a *Virgin at Fifteen Years of Age.* Indeed, Sir, replied the Lady, you are mistaken, for I have been told
by

by several, that, in his whole Collection, there is nothing so curious as an *honest Lawyer*.

Mr. Foote being at Supper one Night at the Bedford Coffee-house, just after Garrick had performed *Macbeth*, the Conversation very naturally turned on the Merits of that great Performer, when after many Eulogiums on the universality of his Powers, it was allowed that he was the first Actor on any Stage. *Indeed, Gentlemen, says Foote, I do not think you have said above half enough of him, for I think him not only the greatest Actor on, but off the stage.*

An Irish Servant being struck by his Master, cried out; *Devil take me if I am certain whether he has killed me or no; but if I am dead it will afford me great Satisfaction to hear the old Rogue was hang'd for killing me.*

A young Lady asked a Widow her Opinion of Matrimony. *Oh, Madam, answered she, it would be a heavenly Life, if the first Night would last always.*

Two Sailors being in Company together, were relating the most remarkable Accidents that happened in their Voyage. One swore, *they found it so excessive hot going to Guinea, that they needed no Fire to boil their Kettle, but dressed all their Meat above Deck in the Sun-shine; and could bake, boil, fry, or stew, as well as at a large Fire.*

The other said; *I never was in so hot a Climate as that; but, I have been so many Degrees to the Northward, where it has been so cold, it has frozen our Words in our Mouths; that we could not hear one another speak, till we came into a warmer Latitude to thaw them: and then all our Discourses broke out together like a Clap of Thunder, that there was never such a Confusion of Tongues heard at Babel.*

Says

Says his Companion, That's very strange, but I have known stranger Things to be true : *I was once sitting upon my Chest between Decks, picking the Lice out of an old Canvas Jacket, and a Beam of Lightning darted and melted one of the Guns, and went through a pair of Buckskin Breeches I had on, and burnt the Lappets of a blue Shirt to Tinder ; hissed as it came out like a Rattle Snake, but did my Body no Manner of Damage.*

Beau Nash once complimenting a Lady, told her among other Things, that he should like to pass his Days with her. To which the Lady replied, *You are an agreeable Companion, Mr. Nash, and I might perhaps like to pass my Days with you, but for my Nights, I would rather beg to be excused.*

Foots and Garrick being at a Tavern together at the Time of the first Regulation of the Gold Coin, the former pulling out his Purse to pay the Reckoning, asked the latter, What he should do with a light Guinea he had ? *'Pshaw, its worth nothing, says Garrick, fling it to the Devil. Well David, says the other, you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a Guinea go farther than any other Man.*

At an Entertainment given by the Heads of a Parish, where Ben Johnson was invited, the Company, when the Glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry : when the Clerk of the Parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his Merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any Gentleman to sing, except such Songs as he thought proper to call for. *Hey-day, Mr. Amen, says Ben, this is making too free, methinks ; for though you make the Company sing what you please on Sundays,*

Sundays, *I can see no Reason you should oblige them to do so every Day in the Week.*

Nat. Lee going late to *Drury-Lane Play-house*, at a Time when there happened to be a very full House, was obliged to stand in the Pit, there being no room to sit down; and here he was greatly crowded, particularly by a Man who stood behind him; when Lee growing angry, swore at the Man, and asked what made him shove so hard upon him? The Man laughingly said to him, the People behind press so violently upon me, that I cannot help pressing upon you. *D—n you*, says Lee, *I wish you had been press'd into his Majesty's Service before you came here.*

A Gentleman of *Ireland*, being at *Bath* for the Recovery of his Health, Mr. Nash contracted an Intimacy with him, and they used frequently to visit each other *sans Ceremonie*. One Winter's Morning, Mr. Nash went into the Gentleman's Chamber before he was up, when finding the Window-shutters open, and Bed-curtains not drawn; "I think, Sir, says Nash, you lie very airy with your Shutters and Windows open, one would think it was Summer by you." To which the Gentleman (who was very apt to make little blunders) replied, *Indeed, Mr. Nash, it is, not for the Sake of the Air that I leave them open, but only I like to see Day-light when I chance to wake in the Night.*

An *Oxford* Scholar being informed that a Carrier who stopped at the Door was an arch Fellow, thus attacked him. Why, they tell me, my Friend, that you are a very wise Man. *May be so*, says the Fellow. And that you know all *London*, continued the Scholar, and every Body in it; Pray can you tell where I live? *In Knaves Acre*, says

says the Carrier; Ay, but I am about to move; says the *Oxonian*: *And that will be to Tyburn*, quoth the other.

The Carrier was afterwards asked by the Landlord whether he had seen his Nephew, and what Trade he was apprenticed to? *A Mutton-pye Maker*, answered the Fellow; and when out of his Time, he intends to take you in Partner with him; so that you may steal Sheep upon the Downs here, and he'll pye them off in *London*. Faith you'll have a rare Trade on it. I hope we may, says the Landlord, and you shall be our Carrier. *That I would with Pleasure*, says the Fellow, *if you were both going to the Gallows*.

The Earl of *Rocheſter* having supped at a Friend's House in the City of *London*; and stayed late, called a hackney Coach at *Temple-Bar*, and bid the Man drive to *Berkeley-Square*, where he then lodged; the Coachman, vexed at so long a Fare so late at Night, grumbled very much; and as he was mounting the Box, swore that he should be glad to drive him to Hell. When they arrived at the House, *Rocheſter* called the Fellow into the Parlour, and told him of the wicked Expression he had heard from his Mouth, and asked him, what he meant by it? The Fellow replied, he was somewhat provoked at being to go so far at that Time of Night, and craved his Pardon; "But, says *Rocheſter*, do you consider, you silly Rascal, that if it were possible for you to drive me into Hell, you must go in first yourself?" "No, no, Master," answered the Coachman, "I could have provided against that well enough." "How can that be?" says the Peer. When the Coachman replied, "Why, to tell you the Truth, *I would have backed your Honour in*." *Rocheſter* could not forbear laughing.

laughing heartily at the Salvo, and calling the Fellow an arch Dog, gave him a Crown to drink his Health.

A Chimney-sweeper's Boy had just swept the Chimney at a Barber's Shop in *London*, and while the Boy was tying up his Soot, some of the Journeymen, who were at Work in the Shop, being inclined to exercise their Wit on the poor Lad, among other Questions asked him, what Trade his Father was? To which the Boy very archly replied, *What Trade? why; my Father was a Barber, and I might have been a Barber too; but to tell you the Truth, I did not like such a blackguard Business.*

A humourous Fellow, a Carpenter, being subpoena'd as a Witness on a Trial for an Assault; one of the Counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the Evidence, ask'd him what Distance he was from the Parties when he saw the Defendant strike the Plaintiff? The Carpenter answered, "Just four Feet five Inches and a half." "Prithee, Fellow, says the Counsel, how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the Distance?" *Why to tell you the Truth, says the Carpenter, I thought perhaps that some Fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it.*

When the late Sir *John Hill* first launched into the literary World, he, amongst other voluminous Works in all Sciences, wrote several *Farces*, which he recommended very strongly to Mr. *Garrick* for Representation; *Garrick*, however, not judging them to possess Merit enough for the Stage, politely refused them, which so irritated the Doctor, that he constantly squibbed at him in the News-papers, some of which he at that Time commanded: *Garrick* bore all very patiently for
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some Time; at last thinking it necessary to hint to the World the Occasion of this Antipathy, he told it to the Public in the following very severe Epigram:

“ For Physic and Farces
His Equal there scarce is;
For his *Farces* are *Physic*, and his *Physic* a
Farce is.”

An arch Boy, belonging to one of the Ships of War at *Portsmouth*, had purchased of his Play-fellows a Magpye, which he carried to his Father's House, and was at the Door feeding it, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who had an Impediment in his Speech, coming up, *T—T—T—Tom*, says the Gentleman, *can your Mag T—T—Talk yet?* *Ay, Sir*, says the Boy, *better than you, or I'd wring his Head off.*

In the Heat of an Engagement a Sailor took his wounded Comrade on his Shoulders, and carrying him down to the Surgeon, the Fellow in his Way lost his Head: Why, says the Surgeon, do you bring me a Man without a Head? *Odso*, says the Sailor, *he told me he had only lost his Leg, but he was always a lying Dog.*

A Sailor fell from the Main-mast and broke his Legs: When his Companions came about him, and commiserated him, *Pho!* says he, *it might have been my Neck.*

A certain Nobleman who had just changed his Party, complain'd to a Lady of Wit and Humour, that he had a Pain in his Side.—*Your Side, my Lord?* says she, *I thought you had no Side.*—Yes, Madam, says his Lordship, I have *Two*. Then answer'd the Lady, I suppose you are *Jack of both Sides.*—*Ay, Madam*, says he, (a little chagrin'd) and I have a *Back-side* too.—That I did not know,

know, my Lord, says she; but every Body knows, *your Lady has one.*

Some Gentlemen riding over a Common by a Turf-cutter, enquired the Way to *Guildford*; when he had directed them right, they ask'd what Time o' Day it was? The Man, looking up to the Sun, told them it was Ten. But one of the Gentlemen taking out his Watch, said it was not Ten yet; *Then*, says the Fellow, *you may ride 'till it is and be pox'd, if you will; if you knew better than me, why did you ask the Question?*

An Author after reading an extreme bad Play to *Quin*, ask'd his Opinion of it. He told him it would not do by any Means. I wish, says the Author, you could advise me what is best to do with it. *That I can*, says *Quin*, *blot out one Half, and burn the other.*

It was said of a Country Squire at his Return from his Travels to *France*, by which he was greatly alter'd tho' not in the least improv'd, that *he went thither a leaden Image, but was return'd one of Plaister of Paris.*

A poor Fellow condemn'd, told the late Justice *Burnet*, it was hard Laws to be hang'd for stealing a Horse. No, Friend, says the Judge, you are not hang'd for stealing a Horse: but that *Horses may not be stol'n.*

A certain Nobleman being call'd to *Scarborough* to drink the Waters, as he was walking one Morning, met *Dicky Dickenson*, and civilly ask'd how he did? *Do! my Lord*, replied he; *I do as many of you Nablemen do, I have turn'd off my Wife, and keep my Whore.*

A Lady, belonging to a wealthy Parish in *London*, having had the Misfortune to bury several of her Family in a little Time, the Sexton brought her
her

her a Bill, which she thinking unreasonable, demanded some Abatement, and tendered him five Shillings less than he had charged. The Sexton eyed the Money, and at length took it up, saying, *As you have been a good Chap, Madam, and I expect more of your Custom, I'll take it for this Time; but I really can't afford it.*

A certain great Man having a good Living vacant, by the Death of a former Incumbent, was solicited by many neighbouring Clergymen of great Learning, for the next Presentation, all whom he refus'd, because they could not inform him who was *Melchisedec's* Father; of which a young Fellow of a College in *Oxford* hearing, he came to the great Man, and ask'd it for himself; Sir, says he, if you can tell me who was *Melchisedec's* Father, you may stand a good Chance. *That I'll do instantly,* replied the young Gentleman, *and who was his Mother too.* And putting his Hand in one Pocket, pulls out a Purse of Guineas, saying, There is his Father, my Lord; then turning his Hand to the other Pocket, took another Purse, And this, my Lord, is his Mother, says he. *Well,* answer'd his Lordship, *this is something to the Purpose, I confess; let me only count the Syllables of their Names, and if they are right, you shall have the Living.*

One of the Comedians walking down *Bow-Street, Covent-Garden,* saw a poor miserable Object asking Charity; he stop'd and reliev'd him, saying at the same Time, *This Man must either be in very great Distress, or a very good Actor.*

A certain Preacher having changed his Religion for a good Benefice, was much blam'd by some of his Friends, for deserting them. To excuse himself he assured them he should never have done it,
but

but for seven Reasons; being asked what they were? he answer'd, *a Wife and six Children.*

A Wag merrily told Mr. Cibber, when his Print of Mr. Pope and the Coffee-House Girl came out, that he had publish'd Pope's Essay on *Woman.*

At the Long Room at Bath, a Lady that affected great Modesty, was accidentally seated next to Lady Vane; which she no sooner knew, than she edged away from her as far as Room would give her Leave, which Lady Vane perceiving, said softly to her, *Pray, Madam, is Whoring catching?*

A Countryman of a merry Disposition, being inclin'd to joke with one of his Neighbours; Hodge, says he, *how many Cuckolds do you think there are in our Town, excepting yourself; Excepting myself! What do you mean by that?* quoth Hodge. *Nay, don't be angry, says the other. How many are there then including yourself?*

An Irishman on board a Man of War, was desired by his Mess-mate to go down and fetch a Can of small Beer; Teague, knowing that Preparations were making to sail, absolutely refus'd. *Arrah, by my Shoul,* says he; *and so while I am gone into the Cellar, to fetch Beer, the Ship will sail and leave me behind.*

A Woman, whose Husband was ill, went to Dr. Ratcliff with some of his Urine in a Urinal, to desire him to prescribe for him. The Doctor took the Urinal out of the Woman's Hand, and after emptying it, made Water in it himself. He then asked what Trade her Husband was of? She answered, a Shoe-maker: Why then, said the Doctor, do you take this Water of mine to him, and if he can fit me with a Pair of Boots, by looking at it, then will I prescribe for him by looking at his Water.

B

Dr.

Dr. *Johnson* happening to sit in a Coffee-room, where a Dog was very troublesome, he bid the Waiter kick him out; but in the Hurry of Business he forgot it. The Dog continuing to pester him, he said, if the Waiter did not kick the Dog out, he would kick him out. Sir, said a young Coxcomb, I perceive you are not fond of Dogs. No, said the Doctor, *nor of Puppies neither.*

A Citizen's Wife being in the Country, and seeing a Goose that had many Goslings: *How is it possible,* said she, *that one Goose should suckle so many Goslings?*

A Sea Captain, being just come a-shore, was invited by some Gentlemen to a Hunting-match. After the Sport was over, he gave his Friends this particular Account of what Pastime he had: *Our Horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them, and the Wind being at S. W. twenty of us being in Company, away we set over the Downs. In the Time of half a Watch we spied a Hare under a full Gale; we tacked, and stood after her; coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which Tack I had like to have run aground; but getting close, off I stood after her again; but, as the Devil would have it, just about to lay her a-board, bearing too much Wind, I and my Horse over-set, and came Keel upwards.*

An Irishman went to a Shoe-maker's-Shop, and told the Master he wanted to buy a Pair of Shoes. Accordingly he handed him a Pair with the Toe of one (as usual) thrust into the other. The Irishman put on his old Shoes again in a great Passion, and told the Shoe-maker *he was a sheating Knave, to offer to give him a Pair of Brogues that the little one was big enough to hold the great one in his Belly.*

A Woman that drank pretty freely of the Juniper, having been married some Years and never
10 had

had any Children, seeing her Husband (who was a Gardener) sowing some Carrot Seeds; *John*, says she, 'tis very strange, that the Seed you sow here should come to Perfection, when the Seed you sow in the Bed above Stairs comes to Nothing. *Wife*, replied the Gardener, *the Reason is, because my good Seed is too much watered.*

A Gentleman asked a Shepherd, whether that River might be passed over or not? Yes, says he; but upon trying he flounced over Head and Ears: Why you Rogue, says he, did you not tell me it might be passed over? *Indeed, Sir*, says he, *I thought so, for my Geese go over and back again every Day, and I did not doubt but you was as wise as a Goose.*

A Lord-Lieutenant going over to Ireland, with his Lady and Family, was, in his Passage, overtaken by so violent a Storm, that the Mariners themselves gave the Vessel over for lost, and expected every Instant that she would either founder or go a-shore. At this Juncture a Sailor observing one of the menial Servants standing pale with Fear at the Cabbin Door, came up to him and asked him, *if he had ever lain with a Duchess?* No, says the poor Fellow, frightened at such Wag-gery, in such a dangerous Time; *Why then*, says the Tar, *you have that Pleasure to come; for by G—d we shall all lie with her Grace in less than half an Hour.* The Duke, who over-heard this, when the Storm abated, and the Danger was over, sent the Fellow a handsome Present, and forgave him the Impudence of the Joke, for the Sake of his Wit.

How unnatural a Sight it is, said Tom Brown, *to see a Parson with a ruby Face and a double Chin, preaching up Abstinence in Lent!*

A certain Member of Parliament having heard many Speeches in the House, to the great Applause of the Speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival Glory by his Oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable Opportunity to open. At length an Occasion presented itself: It was on a Motion being made in the House for enforcing the Execution of some Statute; on which public-spirited Motion, the Orator in Embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud Hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker—Have we *Laws*, or have we not *Laws*?—If we have *Laws*, and they are not observed, to what End were those *Laws* made?"—So saying, he sat himself down, his Chest heaving high with conscious Consequence; when another Member rose up, and delivered his Thoughts in these Words: "Mr. Speaker—Did the honourable Gentleman who spoke last, speak to the *Purpose*, or not speak to the *Purpose*? If he did not speak to the *Purpose*, to what *Purpose* did he speak?"—Which a-propos Reply set the House in such a Fit of Laughter, as discouraged the young Orator from ever attempting to speak again.

When Lord *Chesterfield's* Letters were published, a Gentleman asked Doctor *Johnson*, whether they did not contain great Knowledge of the World? O yes, Sir, says *Johnson*, *very much so*; *they inculcate the Morals of a Whore, and the Manners of a Dancing-master.*

An eminent Counsellor at Law being retained in an Affair of a Mortgage, did his utmost in Behalf of his Client, and supported his Cause with great Eloquence. But a remarkable Circumstance appearing in the Course of the Evidence, which proved his Client to be a very bad Man, the Judge could not help saying to the Counsellor, Well,
Sir,

Sir, what think you of your Client now? To which the Counsellor replied; *Why, to tell you the Truth, my Lord, I find it is not my Client's Interest to pay the Principal, and I am afraid he has not Principle to pay the Interest.*

A poor Clergyman applied to a certain Nobleman, who had a Living in his Gift at that Time vacant; and, in order to succeed, said he had a Wife and seven Children. Why, says the Nobleman, I believe you to be a very worthy and ingenious Man, but in this Affair you have acted very imprudently; for you have begun at the wrong End. The Clergyman begged he would be so kind as to explain himself, for he really had always done his best to live. *Why, says the Peer, you should have got the Living first, and the Children afterwards.*

A well beneficed old Parson being in a large Company at a public Dinner, he entertained them with nothing else but the Situation and Profits of his parochial Livings, which last he said he kept entirely to himself. The Company in general despised him too much to make any Remarks on his Egotisms; but *Quin* being of the party, and observing the Parson, as he stretched across the Table, to shew a Pair of very dirty, yellow Hands, he immediately called out, *So, so, Doctor, I think you do keep your Glebe in your own Hands.*

An *English* and *French* Gentleman had a Dispute which Nation most excelled in Wit; the *English* Gentleman insisted that it was common amongst the very Mob; and to convince Monsieur of the *English* Superiority, he carried him to *Charing-cross*, where a Man then stood in the Pillory for keeping a disorderly House; but the Populace

looking on it as an inconsiderable Offence, they did not throw any Thing at, or ill treat him, as is usual for Crimes of a different Nature ; therefore the Fellow was quite easy and unconcerned, and lifted the upper Part of the Pillory sometimes higher, and then let it lower again just to suit himself. Upon which, one of the Spectators, who stood there with a Load upon his Head, seeing the Offender so dextrous, said *D—n it, 'tis my Opinion this Fellow has served his Time to the Pillory, he is so handy about it.* To which a droll Rogue in a Leather Apron replied, *Served his Time to it ? You may be sure he has ; don't you see he is set up for himself ? Set up ?* says another, *how can that be set up, when he stands ? Why you foolish Dog,* rejoined he who spoke second, *Don't you know it is a standing Business ?* And now a Fellow in a Woollen Cap calls out to the Man in the Pillory, *Harkee, Cocky,* says he, *had you not rather the Jokes should fly about than the rotten Eggs ? Aye sure, Master,* replies the Man, *though it was on account of some Sort of Jokes, I got my Head into this Hole.* At this Time, a Barrow-woman added one more to the Assembly ; when a Porter accosts her, with, *Well, Moll, what brought you here ?* To which she returned, *Curiosity and my Legs, Jack ; now I hope the Fool's answered.* *Fool !* says the Fellow, *what do you mean by that, you Slut ? Why,* rejoined she, *you must be a Fool, because you can neither read nor write.* *Very true,* answered the Porter, *but I can set my Mark ;* and immediately striking her in the Face, gave her a black Eye : This brought on a Battle between the Porter and a Man who took the Woman's Part ; when the *Frenchman* seeing the *English* fight like Bull-dogs, said the *English* shine in War as well as Wit.

A Gen-

A Gentleman was joking with a Physician, in the Presence of Mr. *Farquhar*, concerning the Faculty's wearing Swords, saying he thought it an absurd Custom, as theirs ought to be rather a Dress of Gravity than Gaiety, and therefore they should leave the Sword to the military and other Gentlemen. But Mr. *Farquhar* insisted it was quite a necessary Custom; and upon being ask'd his Reasons for it, he reply'd, *In order that they may defend themselves against the Resentment of Friends and Relations of the many Patients they send out of the World.*

In the Time of the Wars between the Duke of *Marllborough's* Army and the *French*, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, it was a constant Practice with the *French* Court to cause Illuminations and Bonfires to be made in *Paris*, after every Battle, whether their Army got the Victory or not, in order to keep up the Spirits of the People. And once, when the *English* had totally defeated the *French*, and great Illuminations were made as usual, a Marshal of *France* merrily said, *By my Honour, the People of our Nation are like Flint Stones, the more you beat them the more Fire they make.*

Mr. *Chiswick* was presented to a good Living by my Lord Chancellor; on his waiting on my Lord, to thank him for his Kindness, the Chancellor and his Lady joked the Parson on his soon altering his State, and taking to him a Wife;—*No, my Lord,* says *Chiswick*, *you have given me Plenty, and I'll take care to have Peace.*

Lady *** spoke to the Butler to be saving of an excellent Run of Small Beer, and ask'd him how it might be best preserv'd? *I know of no Method so effectual, my Lady,* replies the Butler, *as placing a Barrel of good Ale by it.*

A Highwayman presenting a Blunderbuss to a Gentleman in a Chariot, demanded his Money with the usual Compliment; the Gentleman readily surrendered his Purse, containing about sixty Guineas, and told the Highwayman, that for his own Safety, he had better put the Robbery upon the Footing of an Exchange, by selling him the Blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. With all my Heart, says the Highwayman, and gave it to the Gentleman, who instantly turn'd the Muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not re-deliver his Purse, he would shoot him. *That you may if you can*, replied the Highwayman, *for I promise you it is not loaded*; and rode off very coolly with his Booty.

Quin's Kindness to Mr. Thomson, Author of the *Seasons*, &c. is too universally known to need mentioning here. As they were sitting together one Night, *Thomson*, after expressing his Gratitude for the many Favours he had received, cried out, "Well, *Quin*, now I cannot see how you can do any Thing more for me, except *chewing the Bread you have given me*" "Have a care, my Friend, says *Quin*, do not trust me with that, for if I once come to chewing, I will be damn'd if I do not *swallow it*."

The late Prince of *Wales* having a mind to divert himself incog. went to see a Bull-baiting near *Hockley in the Hole*. The Bull (being true Game) gave a great Deal of Sport, and foil'd every Dog that attack'd him—At last, old *Towzer*, whose Owner (a Butcher in *Clare market*) stood close to the Prince, fairly pinn'd the Bull—At which the Butcher, in the joy of his Heart, gave his Royal Highness a swinging Clap on the Back, saying, *See there, Mr. Prince, that is my Dog, rot me if it 'ent.*
Voltaire,

Voltaire, having lampooned a Nobleman, was one Night in his Way home intercepted by him, and handsomely cudgelled for his licentious Wit. Upon which he applied to the Duke of *Orleans*, who was then Regent, and begg'd him to do Justice in the Affair: *Sir*, replied the Regent, smiling, *it has been done already.*

When Beau *Nash* was in *Italy*, he was mistaken for a Physician, and as Doctor is almost as good a Name to travel with as that of Captain, he readily answered to it. It happened at this Time that a Cardinal, eminent for his Charity and Moderation, as well as Learning, was in a declining Way, and given over by his Physicians; and hearing that an *English* Physician was in Town, and concluding that some Medicines, or a Knowledge of the Disease he was afflicted with, might be discovered in *England*, which had escaped the Observation of the *Italians*, he sent for Dr. *Nash*. Our new-dubbed Physician, who wanted neither Countenance nor Address, waited on his Eminence; and finding him afflicted with a Complaint which he had seen cured by a mighty simple Remedy in the West of *England*, he ventured to assure the Cardinal, that he could give him Relief. The Cardinal, desirous to know by what Means; "It is, replied *Nash*, by a Water, as much esteemed in my Country as holy Water is in your's; and, tho' the Flavour may not be so grateful, I will engage for its Efficacy." The Cardinal smiled, and directly put himself under our Doctor's Care. Dr. *Nash* supplied his Patient with this Water of Life every Morning and Evening for near five Weeks; in which Time the Cardinal most miraculously recovered. Finding himself so well, he one Day sent for the Doctor to dine with him; and after making him a noble

Present for his Attendance, he begged the Favour of *Nash* to oblige him with a Recipe to make the Water, or at least to let him know where he might be able to get it, in case his Disorder should return after his Departure for *England*. Sir, says *Nash*, I always intended to oblige your Eminence with my Secret; but there is another Party concerned with me in the Medicine, whose Consent I know I can obtain; and as it is a fine Day, if you will do me the Honour of your Company, we will take a Ride to my Coadjutor, and finally settle the Affair. The Cardinal greatly rejoiced at the Candour, Generosity, and Friendship of his Physician, and not a little pleased with the Benefit he had received from the Medicine, ordered his Horses to be got ready, and rode out with *Nash*, who led him into the Country, where there was Plenty of Pasture Ground and many Cows. Here, says *Nash*, we are to alight. Then taking a Pint Cup out of his Pocket he waited for an Opportunity, and, from the first Cow that staled, he caught the Cardinal a Dose of his Cordial Water, and presenting it to him, "This, Sir, says he, is my Medicine, and that is your Apothecary, whom you may use as Occasion shall require." The Cardinal laughed excessively, and tasting the Fluid, and finding it the very same which he had been drinking so long and with such Success, called it the Blessed Water, and desired Leave of his Doctor to make it public for the Benefit of Mankind. *Nash* consented; but as this Adventure gained him among his Acquaintance the Name of the Cow-Doctor, he seldom heard it repeated with Complacency and Temper. This Medicine is now in *Italy*, as well as *England*, called the *All-Flower Water*.

A young Fellow came to offer himself to the Play-

Play-house, whose Talent lay in Comedy ; and having given a Specimen of his Capacity to Mr. *Quin*, he ask'd if he had ever play'd any Parts in Comedy ? the former answered, Yes ; he had play'd *Abel* in the *Alchymist*. *I am rather of Opinion you play'd Cain, says Quin, for I am certain you murder'd Abel.*

One seeing a Friend going before him in the Street, call'd, *Hallo*. A haughty German passing by at the Time, ask'd what Business he had to cry *Hallo* while he pass'd by ? *Pox take ye, says the Englishman, what Business had you to pass by while I was crying Hallo ?*

A handsome young Gentleman, having married an extremely ugly Lady, who was very rich, was ask'd by his Friends, how he cou'd think of marrying so ordinary a Woman ? *Look ye, said he, I bought her by Weight, and paid nothing for Fashion.*

King *Henry VIII.* appointing a Nobleman to go on an Embassy to *Francis I.* at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excus'd, saying, such a threatening Letter to so hot a Prince as *Francis I.* might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, says old *Harry* ; if the *French King* shou'd take away your Life, I'll revenge it by taking off the Heads of many *Frenchmen*, now in my Power. *But of all these Heads, replied the Nobleman, there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.*

A poor Man in *Suffex*, who was deemed very skilful in Prognostications about the Weather, was asked by a pettyfogging Lawyer, *When the Sun would change ? When such a wicked Lawyer as you goes to Heaven,* answered the poor Fellow.

One swore an *Eel* was the longest lived of all Creatures ; for it lived longest after it was dead.

A *Welchman* seeing his Master tearing some
B 6 Letters,

Letters, Pray, Sir, give hur one, says he, no Matter which, to send to hur Friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.

Doctor *Rock*, who had rais'd a handsome Fortune from a small Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person who had known him for some Time, was ask'd how he could have the Impudence to give himself such Airs to one who knew him seven Years ago, when he had hardly a Rag to his A—e? You lie, Sirrah, replied *Rock*; for seven Years ago, I had nothing but Rags to my A—e.

A young Fellow, having made away with all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths, one said to him, Now, I hope you'll own yourself a happy Man; for you have put an End to all your Cares. How so? said the Gentleman. *Because*, reply'd the other, *you have nothing left to take care of.*

A Lady that had married a Gentleman, who was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him, said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People; prithee, write something for me. Let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow on me when dead? Oh! my Dear, reply'd he, that's a melancholy Subject! don't think of it. Nay, upon my Life you shall, says she; Come I'll begin. *Here lies Bid.* To which he answered,

Ah! I wish she did.

Henry IV. of France, reading the following ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a *Spanish* Officer; Here lies the Body of *Don*, &c. &c. *who never knew what Fear was.* Then, says the King, he never snuff'd a Candle with his Fingers.

An honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a Bye-lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected; the Parson,
with

with an erected Crest, told him, that he was better fed than taught. *Very true, indeed,* replied the Farmer; *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, she had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he. Nay, then, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, *as Travellers, we may lie together by Authority.*

Beau Nash was one Evening employed in collecting Money for the Bath Hospital; a Lady entered, who was more remarkable for her Wit than her Charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a Pat with her Fan, and said, *You must put down a Trifle for me, Nash, for I have no Money in my Pocket.* Yes, Madam, says he, that I will with Pleasure, if your Grace will tell me when to stop; then taking an Handful of Guineas out of his Pocket, he began to tell them into his white Hat, one, two, three, four, five. *Hold, hold,* says the Duchess, *consider what you are about.* Consider your Rank and Fortune, Madam, says Nash, and continued telling, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Here the Duchess called again, and seemed angry. Pray compose yourself, Madam, cry'd Nash, and don't interrupt the Work of Charity; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Here the Duchess stormed, and caught hold of his Hand. Peace, Madam, says Nash; you shall have your Name written in Letters of Gold, Madam, and upon the Front of the Building, Madam; sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. *I won't pay a Farthing more,* says the Duchess. Charity hides a Multitude of Sins, replies Nash; twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. Nash, says she, *I protest you frighten me out of my Wits, L—d, I shall die!* Madam, you will never die with doing Good;

Good ; and if you do, it will be better for you, answered *Nash*, and was about to proceed ; but perceiving her Grace had lost all Patience, a Parley ensued : when he, after much Altercation, agreed to stop her Hand, and compound with her Grace for thirty Guineas. The Duchefs, however, seemed displeased the whole Evening, and when he came to the Table where she was playing, bid him, *stand farther, an ugly Devil, for she hated the Sight of him.* But her Grace afterwards, having a Run of good Luck, called *Nash* to her : *Come, says she, I will be Friends with you, tho' you are a Fool ; and to let you see I am not angry, there are ten Guineas more for your Charity.*

Nash seldom boasted of his Family or Learning ; and his Father's Name and Circumstances were so little known, that Dr. *Cheyne* used frequently to say, that *Nash* had no Father. The Duchefs of *Marlborough* one Day rallying him in public Company upon the Obscurity of his Birth, compared him to *Gil Blas*, who was ashamed of his Father. *No, Madam,* replied *Nash*, *I seldom mention my Father in Company ; not because I have any Reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some Reason to be ashamed of me.*

A Gentleman seeing Beau *Nash* go out very finely dressed, after the mutual Compliments, asked where he was going ? *Going !* says *Nash*, *why, I am going to advertise :* What ? says the Gentleman. *Why, myself,* quoth *Nash*, *for that's the only Use of a fine Coat.*

At one of our public Schools, the *Eunuch of Terence* was got up, and exhibited by the Scholars. *Tom Brown* was present at the Performance, which indeed deserved and obtained the greatest Applause ; but the good Doctor thinking one of the Scenes

too

tooluscious, had cut it out; for which he was commended by most of the Auditors, who said it was a Mark of true Taste and Judgment. *I will not dispute either the Doctor's Taste or Judgment with you, says Tom, but I think it was a cruel Thing to castrate an Eunuch.*

A Gentleman on his Travels called his Servant to the Side of the Post-Chaise; *Tom, says he, here's a Guinea, which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it, do you see and part with it somehow or other on the Road. Yes, Sir, says the Footman, I'll endeavour.* When they came to their Inn at Night, the Gentleman called to his Servant to know if he had passed off the Guinea? *Yes, Sir, says the Man, I did it slyly: Aye! Tom, says the Master, I fancy thou art a sly Sort of a Fellow; but tell me how? Why, Sir, says the Footman; the People refused him at Breakfast, and so they did where your Honour dined; but as I had a Groat to pay at the Turnpike, I whipped him in between the Halfpence, and the Man put it in his Pocket and never saw it.*

On the Revival of *Shakespear's Twelfth Night*, the Piece received little Applause till the following Lines were delivered:

— She never told her Love;
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Prey on her Damask Cheek. She pin'd in
Thought;
And with a green and yellow Melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief.—

Here the whole Theatre burst into Applause; but a Gentleman from *Oxford* was observed to stand up and clap after all the rest had done; upon which a Nobleman in the Boxes called aloud
to

to know what he meant by that Sort of Behaviour. *Why, you clapped the Piece, my Lord, says the Oxonian, and I clap the Audience for discovering so much true Taste and Judgment.*

Mr. *Jokish* and Mr. *Jackson*, two Tradesmen in London, went to *West-Chester* Fair, to lay a little Money out; and being there one Night, the Chamberlain of the Inn where they lodged, happened to conduct them through an Apartment where there were two Men in Bed together. Mr. *Jokish* observed that one of them was so plaguy long-shanked that his Legs were half-way out at the Feet of the Bed; which he no sooner saw than he conceived a mighty Desire to have a little Humour with them. And as soon as they came into the next Room, where they were to lie, he says to the Chamberlain, You may now leave us, and we'll take Care of the Candle ourselves.——So when the Chamberlain was retired, he acquainted his Bedfellow with his Design.——Did you observe (says he) the Man in the next Room, with his Legs half a Yard out at the Feet of the Bed? Yes, replied *Jackson*; and what then?——If you'll hold the Candle just at the Door, answered *Jokish*, and light me, and take it away at my Signal, I'll shew you some Diversion.——With all my Heart! replies *Jackson*. So they both of them pulled off their Slippers, to prevent making a Noise. And as soon as *Jokish* came into the Room where the two Men lay, he 'spies by the Bed-side a Pair of Spurs; one of which he takes up, and gently puts it upon the Man's naked Foot that hung so far out of the Bed: And as soon as he had buckled it fast, he beckons his Friend *Jackson* to take away the Candle, and shut the Door; and then he gives *Teague* (for it happened to be an *Irishman*)

Irishman) a good hard Pinch upon the same Foot that he had put the Spur upon. The *Irishman*, at this, begun to growl confoundedly; and hauling up his Feet into the Bed (tho' not awake) he scratched his Bedfellow's Legs sadly with the Spur; who, being a *Scotchman*, roars out, in a devilish Passion,——*De'el damn you, Sir, gen ye'se not gang out of the Bed, and cut your Toe Nails, by St. Andrew! I'se throw ye oot o' th' Window!*—The *Irishman* being yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what had passed, soon after thrust down his Legs as they were before. Then *Jokish* gave him t'other Pinch by the Toe, and up the *Irishman* hauls his Feet again, and scratched the *Scotchman's* Legs as before; at which the *Scotchman* began to pommel the *Irishman* heartily. Presently after, the *Irishman* rolling his Feet about the Bed, struck the Rowel of his Spur into his own Leg, which thoroughly awaked him. At this, he with some Surprize putting down his Hand to feel what was the Matter with his Foot, cried out, in a very great Passion,——*Arrah, Devil have him, the Hostler of dish Inn ish a very great Rascal! for, by St. Patrick, he has pulled off both my Boots, and like a damned Rogue, has left one of my Spurs on.*

A Frenchman who spoke very broken English, having some Words with his Wife, endeavour'd to call her *Bitch*, but cou'd not recollect the Name; at last he thought he had done it, by saying *Begar, mine Deare, but you be vone vile Dog's Wife.* Aye, that's true enough, answer'd the Woman, the more's my Misfortune.

A Gentlewoman, who had two Gallants, growing big with Child, the Question was put, who should be the Father? when one of them, who had a wooden Leg, offered to decide it thus; *If*
the

the Child comes into the World with a wooden Leg, I will father it ; if not, it shall be yours.

A Gentleman sent for his Carpenter's Servant, to knock a Nail or two in his Study ; after the Fellow had done, he scratched his Ears, and said, he hoped the Gentleman would give him something to make him drink. Make you drink ! says the Gentleman : There's a pickled Herring for you ; *If that won't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

A certain Lady finding her Husband somewhat too familiar with her Chamber-maid, turned her away, saying, Hussy, I have no Occasion for such Sluts as you ; *I hired you to do your own Business, not mine.*

An Officer in the Customs at the Port of Liverpool, running carelessly along the Ship's Gunnel, tip'd overboard, and was drowned. Being soon taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summoned to sit upon the Body. One of the Jurymen returning Home, was called to by an Alderman of the Town, and asked what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo de se* ? *Ay, ay,* says the Jurymen, shaking his Noddle, *he fell into the Sea sure enough.*

Sir William D'Avenant the Poet, who had no Nose, going along the Mews one Day, a Beggar-woman followed him, saying, God preserve your Eye-sight. Why, good Woman, says he, dost thou pray so much for my Eye-sight ? *Ab ! dear Sir,* answered the Woman, *if it please God you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.*

A poor but worthy Clergyman, who possessed only a small Lectureship, from the Income of which he had a large Family to maintain, had been under the Necessity, through some expensive
Family

Family Sicknesſes, &c. of contracting Debts with ſeveral in the Pariſh, and, being unable to answer their Demands, abſconded for ſome Time for fear of being troubled; and in ſhort, was ſo aſhamed of facing his Creditors, that he even prevailed with a Friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, conſidering this Method of Life could not laſt long, he took Courage, and reſolved to preach the following Sunday before his Pariſhioners; when he took his Text from the New Teſtament in theſe Words, *Have Patience, and I will pay you all.* He divided his Diſcourſe into two general Heads; firſt, *Have Patience*, ſecondly, *and I will pay you all.* He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that moſt Chriſtian Virtue, *Patience*; after which, *and now*, ſays he, *having done with my firſt Head, viz. Have Patience, I come to my ſecond and laſt general Head, which is And I will pay you all;—but that I muſt defer to another Opportunity.* Which excellent Concluſion ſo pleaſed his Creditors, that they gave him his own Time to pay his Debts, aſſuring him, that they would never trouble him.

A charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country where he reſided, cauſed a Cauſeway to be begun; and as he was one Day overlooking the Workmen, a certain Nobleman paſſing by, ſaid, *Well, Doctor, for all your Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the high Way to Heaven.* Very true, replied the Doctor; *for if it bad, I ſhould have wondered to meet your Lordſhip here.*

A young Gentleman having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Maſter, a grave Man, came to expoſtulate with him about it. Sir, ſaid he, I wonder you could do ſo: *Prithee, where is the Wonder?* ſays the other; *if ſhe had got me with Child, you might have wondered indeed.*

Some

Some Gentlemen, coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-boy cried, Have a Light, Gentlemen? Light yourself to the Devil, you Dog, says one of the Company. *Bless you, Master,* replied the Boy, *I can find the Way in the Dark—Shall I light your Worship thither?*

My Lord C*** looking out of his Window, among a Number of Creditors waiting about his Door, he observing one Fellow look more melancholy than the rest, sent for him in, and very gravely asked him the Cause, Why really, Sir, my Debt has been long due—'Tis very true, says my Lord, but I have a Friendship for thee, and therefore wou'd advise you to go home and mind your Trade, and not stand idling here, for I never shall pay thee; but as for those lazy Dogs, pointing to the others, let 'em wait on.

Sir *Godfrey Kneller* the Painter and the late Doctor *Ratcliff* had a Garden in common, but with one Gate; which Sir *Godfrey*, upon some Occasion, ordered to be nailed up. When the Doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir *Godfrey* did to the Gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir *Godfrey*; *Well,* replied he, *I can take that, or any thing but Physic, from my good Friend Doctor Ratcliff.*

A Lieutenant of a Man of War, getting Leave of his Captain to spend a Month or two in Town, lodged in a House where there were two Sisters, to the eldest of which he made his Addressee; but Matters not being brought to a Conclusion before his Time was expired, he was obliged to leave his Lady, and return to his Ship. He had not been many Weeks on board, before he received a melancholy Letter from his Mistress, in which she told him, that the Fruit of their Love now began
to

to appear; and that, if he did not come and perform his Promise, her Reputation was gone. Among her other Complaints, she told him, that nothing vexed her so much as the Reproaches of her Sister, who, upon the slightest Occasion, says she, calls me nothing but Whore; *whereas, to my certain Knowledge, she wou'd have been a Whore too had she not miscarried.*

A facetious Canon of *Windsor*, taking his Evening-walk as usual into the Town, met one of the Vicars at the Castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous Port. So, says the Canon, from whence came you? I don't know, Mr. Canon, replies the Vicar; *I have been spinning out this Afternoon with a few Friends. Ay, and now, says the Canon, you are reeling it Home.*

An *Irish* Officer in *Minorca* was found by a Gentleman, who came to visit him in a Morning, a little ruffled, and being asked the Reason, he replied, that he had lost a Pair of fine *Black Silk* Stockings out of his Room, that cost him eighteen Shillings; but he hoped he should get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a Reward of Half a Crown for the Person who brought them. His Friend observing, that this was too poor a Recompence for such a Pair of Silk Stockings: Phoh, Man, replied he, I directed the Crier to say they were *Worsted.*

When Mr. *Powel*, the celebrated Fire-eater, came first to *London*, a Gentleman in the Green-Room at *Covent-Garden* House said, on reading the Advertisement, 'twas Pity he had not come sooner, to have prevented the Mischief done in *Cornhill*; for by the Account he had given of himself he would have eat that Fire up presently. And while they were disputing about the Man's Abilities,

lities, Sir, says Mr. *Quin*, *I look upon him to be the greatest Man in the World, for he is in no Fear of Fire, and may bid the Devil kiss his A—se.*

A Countryman passing by the Watch in the City, they stopped him—he told 'em he was in Haste, but asked 'em who they watched for? They said, for the King, (meaning the King's Watch.) For the King! says he, then by my Troth I can bring very good Witnesses, that I am no such Man; for I've even *Johnny Thump* of *Yorkshire*, and have been of an Errand for my Master.

Pope having been lighted home by a Link-boy, offered to give him somewhat less than he expected; upon which he demanded more; *Pope* protested, that he had no more Half-pence left; repeating a Term familiar to him, when a little vexed, God mend me! The Boy finding that nothing was to be got, went away muttering loud enough to be over-heard, “God mend me! God mend me! quotha: Five-hundred such as I might be made before one such a crooked Son of a Bitch as you could be mended!”—*Pope*, on this, called him back, and gave him Half-a-crown as a Reward for his Wit.

A great Personage riding out one Morning on *Richmond-Hill*, being struck with the Situation, Neatness, and Elegance of the late Mr. *Blanchard's* House, asked whose it was? Being told it belonged to a Card-maker, *Why*, says his M—y, with some Surprise, *one would think all this Man's Cards had turn'd up Trumps.*

The above Personage meeting Doctor *Johnson* in the Queen's Library, being inform'd who he was, very condescendingly went up to him, and enquired after his Health. In the course of some
Conversation

Conversation his M——y asked, Why he had not written more? *Why, Sire, says Johnson, I do not know; I think I have written enough. Why, so should I too, Doctor,* replied his M——y, *if you had not written so well.*

There was a poor young Woman who had brought herself even to Death's Door with Grief for her sick Husband, but the good Man her Father did all he could to comfort her. *Come, Child,* said he, *we are all mortal. Pluck up a good Heart, my Child: for let the worst come to the worst, I have a better Husband in store for thee. Alas, Sir,* says she, *what d'ye talk of another Husband for? Why, you had as good have stuck a Dagger to my Heart. No, no; if ever I think of another Husband, may ——!* Without any more ado, the Man dies, and the Woman, immediately, breaks out into such Transports of tearing her Hair, and beating her Breast, that every body thought she'd have run stark-mad upon it. But, upon second Thoughts, she wipes her Eyes, lifts them up, and cries, *Heaven's Will be done!* and turning to her Father, *Pray, Sir,* says she, *about t'other Husband you were speaking of, is he here in the House?*

One having a scolding Wife, swore he would drown himself: She followed him, desiring him to forbear, at least to let her speak with him; Speak quickly then, says he: *Pray, Husband, if you will needs drown yourself, pray take my Counsel, to go into a very deep Place, for it will grieve my Heart to see you long a dying.*

A very fine Lady, who had the Gout, asked Dr. M—— what was the Occasion of the Gout? *Whoring and Drinking, Madam,* said he.

An Actress, belonging to Drury-lane Theatre, somewhat vain of her Singing, was tuning her Pipes

Pipes in the Green-Room, whilst an Actor, remarkable for his Strength of Expression, sat in a pensive Posture, with a Chew of Tobacco in his Mouth. Mr. Gravity, says the Lady, don't you think I sing like *Signora*, &c. Rot me, Madam, if I was thinking about you, quoth he. Why, how now, Sauce-Box, says she, 'tis not long since I saw you act the Part of *Timothy Rag*, in your own Cloaths, and the whole House observ'd you was well dress'd for the Part. Madam, says the Actor, *if spitting upon you was not taking Notice of you, I wou'd do it.*

A good-humour'd Wife, abusing her Husband on his mercenary Disposition, told him, that if she was dead, he would marry the Devil's eldest Daughter, if he could get any Thing by it. That's true, replied the Husband, but the worst of it is *one can't marry two Sisters.*

A certain Gentleman being very angry with one of his Neighbours, about some Expressions which had been told him again, cried out, The Devil take all the *Cuckolds*, I wish they were all in the River. Upon which his Wife answer'd, *O dear Husband, how can you make such a Wish, when you know you can't swim?*

A Gentleman riding through a River, which he suppos'd deep, bid his Servant go before. But he, to shew his Politeness, replied, *I never will be guilty of so much ill Manners, pray, Sir, do you cross over first.*

A Footman who had married a Shrew to his Wife, told his Master he had married an Heiress; the Gentleman expecting to hear the Lady was a great Catch, and of a noble Family, enquiring further about her, was told by his Man *John*, that the Girl had only one Daughter, and he had married her.

When

When the first Mr. *Penn*, the Proprietor of *Pensylvania*, and the most considerable Man among the Quakers, went to Court to pay his Respects to *Charles* the Second, that merry Monarch, observing the Quaker not to lower his Beaver, took off his own Hat, and stood uncovered before *Penn*; who said, Prithee, Friend *Charles*, put on thy Hat: No, says the King, Friend *Penn*, it is usual for only one Man to be cover'd here.

Young 'Squire *Booby*, just come from his first Term at the University, was willing to give his Parents a Specimen of his Improvement there. Father, says he, I can chop Logic. Ay, says his Father, how is that, *Tom*? Why, says *Tom*, here de zee, Father, are a Couple of Fowls at Table, I can prove they are three Fowls — How's that? quoth the Father. Why, there's one, says *Tom*, and there's two, pointing to the Dish, and don't one and two make three, Father? Well, Dame, says the Father, *Tom*'s a Conjuror; you take one Fowl, and I'll eat t'other, and let *Tom* have the third for his Logic.

An *Italian* was accused for marrying five Wives, when being carried before the Judge, he was ask'd why he had married so many? He answered, *In order to meet with a good one, if possible.*

A *French* Marquis, being one Day at Dinner at *Roger Williams*'s, the famous Punster and Publican, was boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions; particularly the *Ruffle*, which was, he said, *de fine Ornament to de Hand*; and had been followed by *de oder Nations*. *Roger* allow'd what he said, but observ'd at the same Time, *that the English, according to Custom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention by adding a Shirt to it.*

One who was grown rich of a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly Condition, and began to take great State upon him, was met one Day by a poor Acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble Manner, but being taken no Notice of, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself.*

An English Gentleman ask'd Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, what was the Reason his Countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making Bulls? *Faith!* says the Knight, *I believe there is something in the Air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

The Lord Jefferies pleading at the Bar, before he was made a Judge; a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, push'd the Matter very strongly; *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, Harkee, you Fellow in the Leather Doublet! what have you for Swearing? To which the Countryman replied, *Faith, Sir, if you had no more for lying, than I have for swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather Doublet too.*

It being proved on a Trial at Guildhall, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who had taken the Name of *Linch*, *I see*, said the Judge, *the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who, being allowed an Inch, has taken an L.*

A Sharper was telling his Friends at Tunbridge, that he had brought a young Baronet out of the Country, whose Merit he extoll'd prodigiously, and at last added, that he was a very honest Man. *He is to be pitied for that*, says Tom Brown: What for being an honest Man? says the other. *No*, answered Tom: *but being an honest Man, he is to be pitied for being in your Company.*

A Gen-

A Gentleman once told Beau *Nash*, that he was both the Butt and the Fool of the Company. No, Sir, says *Nash*, *I am the Butt, and you*—What? says the Gentleman—*You are to supply the Deficiency*, says *Nash*.

Tom Brown, being ask'd by a Lady, Who was the most unhappy of all Men? answer'd, *He who thinks himself so*.

An arch Boy being at Table where there was a piping hot Apple-pye, putting a Bit into his Mouth, burnt it so that the Tears ran down his Cheeks. A Gentleman that sat by, ask'd him, Why he wept? Only, said he, because it is just come into my Remembrance, that my poor Grandmother died this Day Twelvemonth. Phoo! says the other, is that all? So, whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathized with the Boy; who seeing his Eyes brim-full, with a malicious Sneer ask'd him, Why he wept? A Pox on you, said he, because you were not hanged, you young Dog, the same Day your Grandmother died.

A Man being ask'd by his Neighbour, how his sick Wife did, made this Answer: Indeed, Neighbour, the Case is pitiful, my Wife fears she shall die, and I fear she will not die, which makes a most disconsolate House.

One crossing a King in his Hunting, he rides after him with his Sword drawn: Pray, Sir, says he, do not knight me before my eldest Brother is dead, for I am but a younger Brother! Which turned the King's Fury off in a laughing Humour.

A Mistress of a Boarding-school at *Chelfea*, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her Scholars with some Faults, the young Lady denied it, but coloured at the Accusation: Nay, says the Mis-

truss, I am sure it must be true, for you blush. Pardon me, Madam, said she, *it is only the Reflection of your Face.*

Two Servants discoursing over a Pot of Ale, of their Master's Hospitality, one said, His Master kept a very noble *Christmas* this Year, for he killed an Ox every Day; Tush, said the other, my Master killed an *Ox and a Half.*

The late Beau *Nash* often played Tricks with others; and, upon certain Occasions, received very severe Retaliations. Being at *York Races*, and having lost all his Money, some of his Companions agreed to equip him with fifty Guineas, upon this Proviso, that he would stand at the great Door of the Minster in a Blanket, as the People were coming out of Church. To this Proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. What, says the Doctor, *Mr. Nash in Masquerade? Only a Yorkshire Penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad Company,* quoth *Nash*, pointing to his Companions.

A Justice of Peace, who was strongly possessed with the Itch of Scribbling, and had published a Book on various Subjects, sent it by his Amanuensis as a Present to *Ben Johnson*, who received it very thankfully: But afterwards dipping into it, and finding it full of Faults, he returned it with his Complaints, and desired his Worship *would commit it to the House of Correction.*

A Gentleman at *Bath*, who had been very extravagant, and squandered away most of his Fortune, not frequenting the Rooms as usual, many of his Friends enquired after him of *Nash*, who told them, that *he kept his Bed*; upon which several of them went to see him, and finding him well, told him the Report which *Nash* had spread. The
Gentleman

Gentleman a little disgusted, went to *Nash*, and in a Passion, asked why he had treated him in that Manner? Why in such a Heat? says *Nash*; I hope I said nothing but the Truth. I ventured to tell these Gentlemen, indeed, that you kept your Bed, and if you have I rejoice at it: *it is the only Thing you have kept, and I know it would be the last you would part with.*

A Gentleman was once at Play with a Lady for considerable Stakes, which he from Time to Time lost, without either complaining, or taking the necessary Precaution to secure the Game: Upon which the young Lady's Father turning to her Aunt, asked which was the best Gamester? *Oh, the Gentleman, abundantly, says she, he don't play for Diamonds but Hearts.* And so it happened, for he played himself into the Lady's good Graces, and married her in a few Days, though he was a Child of Fortune, and she Heiress to a considerable Estate.

One of the Bloods of *Cambridge*, one Day in the Grove, attacked some Ladies, and asking one of them, who was crooked, whence she came? She replied, *Strait from London.* Indeed, *Madam*, said he, *then you must have been confoundedly warpt by the Way.*

Beau *Nash* was one Day complaining in the following Manner to the Earl of *Chesterfield* of his bad Luck at Play: Would you think it, my Lord, that damned Bitch *Fortune*, no later than last Night, tricked me out of 500. Is it not surprising, continued he, that my Luck should never turn; that I should eternally thus be mauled? *I don't wonder at your losing Money, Nash, says his Lordship, but all the World is surprised how you get it to lose.*

Doctor *Cheyne* once, when *Nash* was ill, drew up a Prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly.

cordingly. The next Day the Doctor coming to see his Patient, found him up and well ; upon which he asked, If he had followed his Prescription ? *Followed your Prescription !* cried Nash, *No. —Egad, if I had, I should have broke my Neck ; for I flung it out of the Two-pair of Stairs Window.*

A young Lady who was just come out of the Country, and affected to dress in a very plain Manner, was sitting on a Bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his Companions were passing by ; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, There's a smart Country Girl, I will have some Discourse with her. Then going up to the Lady, So Child, says he, you are just come to Bath, I see ; *Yes, Sir,* answered the Lady : And you have been a good Girl in the Country, and learned to read your Book, I hope : *Yes, Sir.* Pray now, says he, let me examine you : I know you have read your Bible, and the History of *Tobit* and his Dog ; now can you tell me, What was the Dog's Name ? *Yes, Sir,* says she, *his Name was Nash, and an impudent Dog he was.*

One Hog was to be tried before Judge Bacon, who told him he was his Kinsman ; says he, *No Hog can be Bacon'till he is hang'd, and then I'll allow you to be my Kinsman.*

A Countess coming into the Dressing-room of her Daughter, a young Lady of about Fourteen, whilst she was at her Toilet, and observing her very busy in setting her Person off to the best Advantage, herself being in full Dress, and richly adorned with Jewels ; asked the Girl, what she would give to be as fine as her Mamma ? To which Miss replied, “ Not quite so much as your Ladyship would give to be as young as I am.”

A Lady was saying she had overthrown her Adversary ;

versary ; at which one of her Servants said, *Aye, Madam, he took a wrong Sow by the Ear when he meddled with your Ladyship.*

A Gentleman and his Man riding into the Country, they met a Fellow astride upon a Cow. The Man calls out to his Master, O, Sir, says he, yonder is a strange Sight ! a Fellow is *on Horseback on a Cow.* That's a Bull, said the Gentleman. Nay, Sir, said the Man, it is not a Bull, I know it's a Cow by its Teats.

Two *Irishmen* having travelled on Foot from *Chester* to *Barnet*, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their Journey ; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten Miles to *London.* *By my Shoul and St. Patrick,* cries one of them, *it is but five Miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on.*

A good Woman having drank too large a Morning's Draught, fell asleep in the Church, and at length began to snore ; upon which one jogged her. Says she, Pray give the Cup to my Gossip *Joan*, for I can drink no more.

An *Irishman* being at a Tavern where the Cook was dressing some Carp, observ'd some of them move after they were gutted and put into the Pan ; which much surprising *Teague*, said he, *Now of all the Christian Creatures I ever saw ; this same Carp will live the longest after it is dead, of any Fish.*

A young Gentlewoman married to a very wild Spark, who had made away with a plentiful Estate, and was reduced to some Streights, said very innocently to him one Day, My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly. *Zounds, Madam,* replied he, *how can that be, when we make so many every Day ?*

Two inseparable Companions of the Guards in *Flanders*, had every thing in common between them ;

one was very extravagant, and unfit to be trusted with Money; hereupon the other was always Purse-bearer, which he sav'd but little by; for the former wou'd often pick his Pocket in the Night, to the last Stiver. To prevent this he bethought himself of a Stratagem, and coming the next Day among his Companions, bragg'd how he had bit his Comrade. Ay, how? said they. *Why*, replied he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night; and I am sure he will never look for it there.*

In Queen *Anne's* Reign, the Lord *B—* married three Wives, who were all his Servants. A Beggar-woman meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curtsey: *Ab, God Almighty bless you*, said she, *and send you a long Life; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be Ladies in Time.*

Diogenes begging, as was the Custom of many Heathen Philosophers, asked an extravagant Man for more than he did any other. Hereupon, one said to him, I see you know your Business; where you find a generous Person, you will make the most of him. No, said *Diogenes*, *but I design to beg of the rest again.*

King *Charles II.* being in Company with Lord *Rocheſter* and other Nobles, who had been drinking best Part of the Night, *Killigrew* came in. Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults. No, faith! says *Killigrew*, *I don't care to trouble myself with that which all the Town talks of.*

We commonly say, second Thoughts are best; and young Women, who pretend to be averſe to Marriage, deſire not to be taken at their Words, *One ask'd a Girl, if ſhe wou'd have him; Faith! no* John, says she; *but you may have me if you will.*

A Butcher in *Smithfield*, lying at the Point of Death, said to his Wife, My Dear, I am not long
for

for this World, therefore advise you to marry our Man *John*; he's a lusty strong Fellow, fit for your Business. *O dear, Husband!* said she, *never let that trouble you, for John and I have agreed upon the Matter already.*

Some Men and their Wives, who all liv'd on the same Side of a Street, being merry making at a Neighbour's House; said one of the Husbands, It's reported that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds, but one. Soon after, his Wife being thoughtful, What makes you sad, my Dear? said he, I hope you are not offended at what I said. *No*, said she, *I'm only considering who that one can be.*

A Woman prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape; upon Trial the Judge ask'd her, if she made any Resistance? *I cried out*, and please your Lordship, said the Woman. *Ay*, said one of the Witnesses, *but that was nine Months after.*

An *Oxford* Vintner, complaining to his Man that there were no Bottles left, tho' he had laid in a large Stock very lately—No Wonder, says the Fellow, for all those that were Measure you broke, and all that were not Measure the Scholars have broke.

A Country Squire asked a *Merry Andrew*, why he play'd the Fool? *For the same Reason*, says he, *as you do; out of Want: You do it for Want of Wit, I for Want of Money.*

A Gentleman in the Country, whose Wife had the Misfortune to hang herself on an Apple-tree, a Neighbour came in, and begg'd he wou'd give him a Scion of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard; *for who knows*, said he, *but it may bear the same Fruit?*

A noble Duke, who stammer'd so much, that he was obliged to have a Servant stand by him to re-

peat what he said, ask'd a Clergyman at his Table, by Way of Joke, if he knew what was the Reason that *Balaam's* Ass spoke? The Clergyman not understanding him, the Servant repeated what his Grace had said; to which the Parson pleasantly answer'd, that *Balaam* stutter'd, and his Ass spoke for him.

The same noble Duke ask'd a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the Parson? *Really*, said he, *I can give no Reason for it; but the Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future, without thinking upon your Lordship.*

A Countryman sowing his Field, and two smart Fellows riding by, one of 'em call'd to him with an insolent Air; Well, honest Countryman, it is your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing Hemp.*

The late Colonel *Chartres* reflecting upon his ill Life and public Character, told a Nobleman, if such a Thing as a good Name could be purchased, he would freely give 10,000*l.* for it. The Nobleman said, it would be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life. Why so? says the Colonel. *Because*, replied his Lordship, *you would certainly forfeit it again in less than a Week.*

A Country Squire being in Company with his Mistress, and wanting his Servant, cried out, Where is the Blockhead? *Upon your Shoulders*, said the Lady.

It was a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady, who being ask'd where her Husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy; resolutely answered, I have hid him.

This

This frank Confession drew her before the King, who told her, nothing but discovering where her Lord was concealed could save her from Torture: And will that do, Sir? says the Lady; Yes, replied the King, I have given my Word for it. *Then, says she, I have hid him in my Heart, there you'll find him.* Which surprising Answer charmed her Enemies, and turned aside the King's Resentment.

The old Lord *Stamford* taking a Bottle with the Parson of the Parish, was commending his own Wine. Here, Doctor, said he, I can send a Couple of Ho—Ho—Ho—Hounds, to *Fra—Fra—France*, (for his Lordship had a great Impediment in his Speech) and have a Ho—Ho—Hogshead of Wine for 'em. What do you say to that, Doctor? *Why, my Lord,* replies the Doctor, *I think your Lordship has your Wine Dog-cheap.*

A Person having two very wicked Sons, one of whom robbed him of his Money, the other of his Goods, his Neighbours came in to condole his Misfortune, when one of them told him, *He might sue the Hundred for the Loss, as he had been robb'd between Son and Son.*

A Dyer in a Court of Justice being ordered to hold up his Hand, which was all black; *Take off your Glove, Friend,* said the Judge to him. *Put on your Spectacles, my Lord,* answered the Dyer.

Lord *Mansfield* being willing to save a Man who had stolen a trifling Trinket, desired the Prosecutor to value it at Ten-pence; upon which he cried out, Ten-pence, my Lord! Why the very *Fashion* of it cost me ten Times the Sum. *Oh,* says his Lordship, *we must not hang a Man for Fashion's Sake.*

King *Charles* paying a Visit to the Marquis
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of Worcester, at Ragland Castle, his Majesty desired to see the great Tower where his Lordship kept his Treasure; he therefore spoke to Dr. Bailly, then standing by him, to fetch the Keys, who acquainted the Marquis with the King's Pleasure; but he brought them himself to the King, in order to shew him the Tower; when his Majesty, observing the Marquis coming with the Keys, said to him, "My Lord, there are some Men so unreasonable, as to make me believe, that your Lordship hath yet great Store of Gold left within this Tower; but I knowing how I have exhausted you, together with your own Occasions, could never have believed it, had I not seen that you will not trust the Keys out of your own Hand." To which the Marquis very humorously replied, *I was so far from giving your Majesty just Occasion for such a Thought by this Tender of my Duty, that I protest I was once resolved that your Majesty should have lain there, but that I was loth to commit your Majesty to the Tower.*

The same Nobleman once took a new Servant into the Family to wait on him, and this Man had the Misfortune to think himself wiser than he was thought by others, insomuch that on a certain Occasion, he told the Marquis he had not acted wisely; and that if he were the Marquis, he would have done so and so. The Marquis, in return to this Impertinence, only made the following gentle Reply: *Could I find a Servant who was wiser than his Master, I would give Gold for such an one; but I would not give a Rush for one that thinks himself wiser than his Master.*

A Lady of great Quality in the above King's Time gave into a very free Indulgence of Pleasures, even to a vicious Degree; so that a very
worthy

worthy Clergyman admonished her to a Change of Conduct, urging the Vanity of all human Things, as set forth by *Solomon*: In answer to which, she angrily replied, Don't tell me of *Solomon*; *Solomon* never said they were Vanity until he had tried them all, and even so will I, and then will give you my Opinion of them. Upon hearing which, King *Charles* merrily observed, *That the Lady seemed to be led more by Sense than Faith.*

The Corporation of *Bath*, in Honour to Mr. *Nash*, placed a full length Statue of him in the Pump-Room, between the Busts of *Newton* and *Pope*; upon which Occasion the Earl of *Chesterfield* wrote the following severe and witty Epigram.

Immortal *Newton* never spoke
More Truth than here you'll find;
Nor *Pope* himself e'er penn'd a Joke
Severer on Mankind.

The Picture plac'd the Busts between,
Adds to the Satire Strength;
Wisdom and *Wit* are little seen,
But *Folly* at full Length.

An intimate Friend of Beau *Nash*'s having greatly hurt his Constitution by Irregularities, and particularly by drinking and late Hours, *Nash* cautioned him to leave off his irregular Conduct in Time, and above all, to avoid excessive Drinking and sitting up late. The Gentleman took his Advice kindly, and observed it pretty well; but it happened one Night, that the Company were more than ordinarily agreeable, and when it grew late, *Nash* got up to go, and jogged his Friend for that Purpose. Upon which the Gentleman

tleman said, Faith, *Nash*, I have observed your Lesson a good while ; but the Company is now so agreeable, that my Resolution is quite gone, and I must stay. *I ask your Pardon, Sir*, replied *Nash*, *I am sure, if your Resolution is gone, it is Time for you to go too* ; and so hurried him off.

A *Cantabrigian* being arrived in Town, went to a Tavern in *Fleet-street*, in order to send for a Friend and sup ; but being very thirsty when he came in, he bid the Waiter fetch him a *little Porter* immediately ; upon which the Lad ran to the *Temple*, and presently returned, introducing a little Man, a Ticket-Porter, telling the Gentleman, he was the *least Porter* he could meet with.

One ask'd his Friend, why he ; so proper a Man himself, marry'd so small a Wife ? *Why*, said he, *I thought you had known, that of all Evils we should chuse the least*.

A young Gentleman, who had an Inclination to get upon the Stage, applied to Mr. *Rich*, who desired him to speak some Lines of Tragedy, in the famous Soliloquy of *Hamlet*. The Gentleman began in a very disagreeable Manner, *To be, or not to be, that is the Question—Not to be*, says *Rich*, and so left him to rant by himself.

A Soldier was bragging before *Julius Cæsar*, of the Wounds he had received in his Face. *Cæsar* knowing him to be a Coward, said, *he had best take heed, the next Time he ran away, how he look'd back*.

A young Lady having been lately married, on seeing her Husband about to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, What, my Dear, are you getting up already ? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. *No, my Dear*, replied the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself*.

A Gen-

A Gentleman calling for small Beer at a Friend's Table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the Servant, without drinking. What! said the Master of the House, don't you like the Beer? it is not to be found Fault with. *No*, answer'd the other, *we shou'd never speak ill of the Dead.*

A Lawyer's Clerk was in Love with an extreme pretty Girl, courted her, and agreed to marry her. The Wedding Entertainment was provided, and amongst others, the Clerk's Master was invited. In the Heat of Dancing, a Sigh, caused by Indigestion, or windy Food, escaped the Bride the contrary Way, and loud enough to be heard by all the Company, who burst into Laughter: She blushed, and the Bridegroom was so confounded and enraged, that he instantly broke off the Match, to which no Remonstrances nor Intreaties could reconcile him, he imagining his Acquaintance would jeer him for ever upon this Accident, and he left the House in a Pet. Great was now the Disorder of the Guests! The Clerk's Master, who was one of them, and though a Man in Years had eyed the Girl with great Attention, and was smitten with her Beauty, not only condemned his Clerk's excessive Delicacy, but proposed to repair the Injury he had done the Girl, and offered her Marriage on the Spot. Piqued at her Lover's Desertion, and pressed by her Friends, who foresaw the Advantages of such a Match, she consented, and they were married immediately. After Marriage, she behaved to him with so much Modesty and Discretion, that dying soon after, he left her Mistress of a very opulent Fortune. Being now a Widow, handsome, young, and rich, she had many Offers of Marriage,

Marriage, but accepted only the *Marshal de L'Hospital*, Governor of *Paris*; who also dying soon after, left her once more a Widow, though with greater Additions of Honour than of Fortune. Her Person and Character were now so amiable, that *Casimir*, King of *Poland*, residing in *France* after his Abdication of the Throne, fell in Love with her, and married her. So great a Fortune perhaps never took its Rise from so burlesque an Incident.

A Templer went at *Christmas* into *Yorkshire*, and took some other Templers along with him, and upon one of the Holy-days he would have them to an Ale-house hard by, where the Woman was deaf; so coming thither, O, my young Master, says she, I have not seen you these seven Years: Then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, Here's to thee, and to all the Whores, Rogues, and Bawds in *England*: She seeing his Lips go, and could not hear him, said, Come, Sir, I will pledge you, for I know you drank to your Father and Mother, and those good Gentlewomen your Sisters.

A Person asked an *Irishman* why he wore his Stockings the wrong Side outwards? Who answered, *Because there was an Hole on the other Side*.

One coming alone late one Night, was stopped by the Constable, who asked him what he did out so late, and what was his Name; My Name, says he, is *Twenty Shillings*. Where do you live? says the Constable. I live, says he, out of the King's Dominions. So, says the Constable, where have you been? Says he again, Where you would have been with all your Heart. It may be so, says the Constable; but where are you going? Where you dare not go for your Ears. I do not intend
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it, says the Constable, to-night, but you shall go to the *Compter*. The next Morning he was brought before a Magistrate, who checked him for answering the Constable so crossly, *Sir*, says he, *it was partly the Truth. As to the first Question, my Name is Mark Noble. To the second, I live in Little Britain. To the third, I had been drinking a Glass of good Sack. And to the last, I was going to Bed to my Wife.* So for the Joke-sake he was dismiss'd without Fees.

A Poet going over *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, one who pretended himself a maimed Soldier, begged an Alms of him. The Poet asked him by what Authority he went a begging? *Sir*, said the Soldier, I have a Licence: *A Licence!* said the Poet, *Lie I conceive thou may'st have, but Sense thou hast none, to beg Money of a Poet.*

In *Bourdeaux*, a Gentleman being in his Vineyard, saw some Hogs there, and in a great Passion swore they belonged to some Cuckold, Cuckold-maker, Rogue, Villain, or Rascal, and bid his Man go turn them out. His Man, hearing what his Master said, returned, crying, *Hold, Sir, hold, the Hogs are your own. The Devil they are,* says he, *so much the better, I cannot help what I said, for it is many an honest Man's Case.*

Two *Welshmen* at an Inn had a Dozen of Eggs for Breakfast; and after they had paid, and gone a Mile out of Town, one said to the other, he was glad he was there, for *hur* did sheat her Landlord this Morning; for in *hur* shix Eggs, which *hur* had, *hur* had two Shickens, and *hur* paid never a Varding for them.

A young Fellow who had more Fortune than Wit, being at Dinner at the House of a Gentleman of Distinction, a young Lady that was there
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was taken with a fainting Fit, and while every Body hastened to her Assistance, some with Smelling-Bottles, and some with other Helps, proper on such Occasions; says the Spark, with a Sneer, "There is no great Danger, I suppose it is only a breeding Qualm:" Sir, says a Gentleman that sat near him, with a severe Tone, the Lady is a Sister of mine, and has been a Widow these two Years. Pardon me, replied the Spark, who did not extremely like his Looks, and was willing to palliate the Offence; she looks so young and so innocent, that I really took her for a Maid.

One who was formerly in good Circumstances, but had squandered away his Estate, and had left himself no more Necessaries than a sorry Bed, a little Table, a few broken Chairs, and other such Lumber, seeing a Gang of Thieves endeavouring to break into his House one Night, he bawled out to them; *Are ye not a damn'd Pack of Fools, to think to find any Thing here in the Dark, where I can find nothing by Day-light.*

Two Ladies just returned from Bath, were telling a Gentleman how well they lik'd the Place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been very ill, and receiv'd great Benefit from the Waters: But pray, Madam, what did you go for? said he to the second. *Mere Wantonness,* replied she; *And, pray Madam, did it cure you?*

A Youth standing by while his Father was at Play, and observing him to lose a good deal of Money, burst out in Tears; his Father ask'd the Reason why he wept, *Oh, Sir,* said he, *I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he was told that his Father Philip had conquered a great many Towns, Cities, and Countries, fearing he would*
leave

leave him nothing to win ; but I wept for fear you should leave me nothing to lose.

A drunken Fellow having made away with all his Goods, except his Feather-bed, was at length obliged to part with that too ; for which being reproved by some Friends, *Phoo*, says he, *I am very well, thank God, and why shou'd I keep my Bed ?*

In a Cause tried at the *King's-Bench*, a Witness was produced who had a very red Nose, and one of the Counsel, who had a good Stock of Assurance, being desirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper-Nose ; *Why, Sir*, said he, *by the Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper-Nose for your Brazen-Face.*

A droll Fellow who had a wooden Leg, being in Company with one who was somewhat soft and credulous, the latter ask'd the former, how he came to have a wooden Leg, *Why*, says the Fellow, *my Father had one, and my Grandfather before him ; it runs in the Blood.*

A Gentleman having lent a Guinea for two or three Days to a Person whose Promises he had not much Faith in, was very much surpris'd to find that he punctually paid him ; the same Person being soon after desirous of borrowing a larger Sum, " No," said the other, " you have deceived me once, and I am resolv'd you shall not do it a second Time."

King *Charles II.* coming through *Shoreditch*, from *Newmarket*, observed a Wall lately made of Horns there, which is common in the Road, and bid Lord *Rocheſter*, who was with him in the Coach, take Notice of it. *Ay, Sir*, said he, *the Citizens*

Citizens have been laying their Heads together to mend the Way against your Majesty came by.

A Scholar declaiming in a College-Hall, having a bad Memory, was at a Stand, and, in a low Voice, desired one who stood close by him to help him out; *No*, says the other, *methinks you are out enough already.*

A great Lord, who had run himself over Head and Ears in Debt, and seeming quite easy about the Matter, was ask'd one Day by a Friend, how he could sleep so well, when he was so much in Debt? *For my Part*, replied my Lord, *I sleep very well, but I wonder how my Creditors can!*

A Schoolmaster ask'd one of his Boys in a sharp Winter-Morning, what was *Latin* for Cold? the Boy hesitating a little, the Master said, What, Sirrah, can't you tell? *Yes, Sir*, says the Boy, *I have it at my Fingers Ends.*

Mr. *Pope*, being at Dinner with a noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting upon him; the Duke ask'd, Why he, that eat mostly at other People's Tables, would be such a Fool, as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? *'Tis true*, answer'd the Poet, *I keep but one to laugh at me, but your Grace has the Honour to keep a Dozen.*

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laughed at by all that came into his Company, told some of his Acquaintance, that he had the happiest Quality of laughing at all those who laughed at him; *Then*, said one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom.*

A Lord, endeavouring to persuade one of his Dependants to marry his cast-off Mistress, said, tho' she had been used a little, when she had got a good Husband, she might turn; *Ay, but, my Lord*, replied

replied the other, *she has been so much used, that I am afraid she is not worth turning.*

Ben Johnson, being one Night at the Devil-Tavern, there was a Country Gentleman in the Company, who interrupted all their Discourses with an Account of his Lands and Tenements; at last *Ben*, unable to bear with it any longer, said, What signifies your Dirt and your Clods to us? where you have one Acre of Land, I have ten Acres of Wit. Have you so, replied the Countryman, good *Mr. Wiseacre*? This unexpected Repartee from the Clown struck *Ben* mute for some Time: Why, how now, *Ben*? says one of the Company, you seem to be quite stung; *Why, I never was so prick'd by a Hobnail before*, reply'd he.

A droll Fellow who got a Livelihood by fiddling at Fairs and about the Country, was one Day met by an Acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus, *Bless me! what! are you alive! Why not?* answer'd the Fiddler; *did you send any Body to kill me?* No, replies the other, *but I was told you was dead.* Ay, so it was reported, it seems, says the Fiddler, *but I knew it was a Lie as soon as I heard it.*

In a Company of merry Companions over a chearful Bowl, when different Toasts were going round, a Gentleman, whose Name was *Brown*, toasted an absent Lady, which he had done for many Years, tho' he never had the Courage to speak to her; upon which one who sat next to him, said, *I believe, Sir, you have toasted that Lady these seven Years at least, and 'tis supprizing she's not Brown yet.*

The Rev. *Mr. Whiston*, the famous Astronomer, made a Calculation, that the World would be at
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an End in Eighteen Years; and, some Time after, being about to dispose of a little Estate, he ask'd the Buyer thirty Years Purchase; upon which, in great Surprise, the Gentleman demanded, *With what Face he could ask so much, when he well knew the World would be at an End in little more than Half that Time.*

Dr. South, visiting a Gentleman one Morning, was ask'd to stay Dinner, which he accepted of; the Gentleman stepped into the next Room, and told his Wife, and desired she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand Words; till at length, her Husband, provok'd at her Behaviour, protested, that if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors. Upon which the Doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stepped out, crying, *I beg Sir, you'll make no Stranger of me.*

Two Fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, why he look'd so sad? I have good Reason for it, answer'd the other, poor Jack such a one, the greatest Croney and best Friend I had in the World, was hang'd but two Days ago. What had he done? says the first. Alas! replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like Occasion; he found a Bridle on the Road, and took it up. What! says the other, hang a Man for taking up a Bridle! That's hard, indeed! *To tell the Truth of the Matter,* says the other, *there was a Horse tied to the other End of it.*

Some Repartees, which strictly speaking ought not to be brought under the Head of Jest, yet, for the Readiness of Thought are somewhat better. Of this Sort was the Answer made by Sir Robert Sutton,

Sutton, to the late King of *Prussia*, on his asking him at a Review of his tall Grenadiers, if he cou'd say an equal Number of *Englishmen* cou'd beat 'em? No, Sir, answer'd Sir *Robert*, *I won't pretend to say that, but I believe half the Number would try.*

A Gentleman arrested for a large Sum, sent to an Acquaintance, who had often profess'd great Friendship to him, to beg he would be his Bail; the other told him, he had promis'd never to be Bail for any Man, but with much Kindness said, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else if you can.*

Mr. *Amner*, going through a Street in *Windsor*, two Boys look'd out of a one Pair of Stairs Window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. *Amner*, that makes so many Bulls! He hearing them, look'd back, saying, *You Rascals, I know you well enough; if I had you here, I'd throw you down Stairs.*

A Gentleman intending to build a House, desired the Judgment of his Workmen as to the Cost: they assur'd him, it wou'd not exceed two Hundred Pounds—that Sum wou'd be the *Outside*. And truly so the Gentleman found it, for he had all the *Inside* of his House to furnish, after the 200 was expended.

Two Gentlemen, one nam'd *Chambers*, the other *Garret*, riding by *Tyburn* together; says the First, *This is a very pretty Tenement, if it had but a Garret.* You Fool! says *Garret*, *don't you know there must be Chambers first?*

A Man having been at very high Words with his Wife, said in a Passion, he would never bed with her again; but not being possess'd of two Beds, he fix'd a Board in the Middle of that one they had, to make a Separation; in this State they continued some Time, 'till one Night as they both

lay awake, wishing for a Reconciliation, but neither caring to make the first Advances, the Husband chanced to sneeze; upon which his Wife kindly said, *Heavens bless you, my Dear.* Do you speak that from your Heart? says the Man; *Indeed I do,* answer'd she: *Well then,* says he, *take away the Board.*

A Beggar asking *Moliere* for Alms, he gave him, through Absence of Mind or Mistake, for a less valuable Piece, a Louidore. The poor Fellow on perceiving it hobbled after him, and told him of it; upon which *Moliere* returned it to him, with another Louidore, as a Reward for his Honesty, exclaiming, "My God! what a Lodging Virtue has taken up with thee!"

A Methodist Sermon. By George Alexander Stevens.

BRETHREN! Brethren! Brethren! (The Word Brethren comes from the Tabernacle, because we all *breathe there-in*) — If you are drowzy, I'll rouse you: I'll beat a *Tat-too* upon the Parchment Cases of your Consciences, and whip the *Devil* about like a *Whirl-a-gig* among you.—Even as the Cat upon the Top of the House doth *squall*; even so from the Top of my Voice will I *bawl*, and the Organ Pipes of my Lungs shall play a Voluntary among ye; and the *sweet Words* that I shall utter—and the *sweet Words* that I shall utter, shall sugarcandy over your Souls, and make *Carraway Comfits* of your Consciences. — Do you know how many Taylors make a Man?—Why nine.—Nine Taylors make a Man.—And how many make half a Man? Why four Journeymen and a 'Prentice.—Even so have you all been bound 'Prentice to *Miss Fortune* the

Fashion-maker ; and now you are out of your Times, you have set up for yourselves.—My *great Bowels*, and my *sm—all Guts* groan for you. I have got the Gripe of Compassion, and the Belly-ache of Pity.—*Give me a Dram!*—Give me a Dram.—Do give me a Dram.—A Dram of *Patience* I mean, while I explain unto you, what *Reformation*, and what *Abomination* mean:—which the *worldly wicked* have mixed together like *Potatoes* and *Butter-Milk*, and therewith made a *sinful Stir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely Froth at the Top of a Tankard of Porter;—and *Abomination*—is like the Dregs at the Bottom of the Tap-tub.—Have you carried your Consciences to the Scourers? Have you bought any Fullers-earth at my Shop to take the Stains out?—You say, Yes, you have, you have, you have:—But I say, No; you lie! you lie! you lie!—I am no *Velvet-mouth* Preacher; I scorn your Lawn Sleeves—You are all full of Filth: ye must be par-boil'd; yea, ye must be boil'd down in our Tabernacle to make portable Soup, for the Saints to sup a Ladleful of: and then the *Scum*, and the *Scaldings* of your Iniquities will *boil over*; and that is called the *Kitchen-stuff* of your Consciences, that serves to grease the Cartwheels that carry us over the *Devil's Ditch*, and the *Devil's Gap*.—The *Devil's Ditch*; that's among the Jockeys at Newmarket: and the *Devil's Gap*; that's among the other Jockeys, the Lawyers at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.—And then there is the *Devil* among the *Taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *Players*: the *Players*, that play the *Devil to pay*.—The *Playhouse* is Satan's Ground, where Women stretch themselves out upon the Tenter-hooks of Temptation.—*Tragedy* is the *blank Verse* of *Beelzebub*;—

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Comedy

Comedy is his *Hasty Pudding*; and *Pantomime* is the Devil's *Country Dance*. — And yet, you'll pay the Players for seeing Plays; yes, yes; but you won't pay me: No, no; till Beelzebub's Bum-bailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I will pay your Garnish: But I won't. No; you shall lay on the common Side of the World; like a Toad-in-a-Hole, that is bak'd for the Devil's Dinner. — Do put some Money in the Plate. — Put some Money in the Plate; and then all your Iniquities shall be scalded away; even as they scald the Bristles off the Hog's Back: and you shall be cleansed from all your Sins, as easily as the Barber shaveth away the weekly Beard from the *Chin* of the Ungodly.

Do put some Money in the Plate,
 Or I, your Preacher, cannot eat:
 And 'tis with Grief of Heart I tell you,
 How much this Preaching scours the Belly:
 How pinching to the human Tripe
 Is Pity's Belly-ache, and Gripe;
 But that Religion (lovely Maid)
 Keeps a Cook's Shop to feed the Trade.

The Politician. A Tale.

S I R *Full-Fed Domine-Double-Chin*, Citizen, *Turtle* and *Venison* eater, was one of the Common Council of Farringdon *within*; he was a very good Sort of a Man; he was half Brother to an Alderman, and had been Deputy of his own Ward: His Time was taken up in the Affairs of the State, and the Affairs of the *Kitchen*. He loved *Politics*, and he loved *Venison*. He thought a Cook was a great Genus, the greatest Genus in all the World,
 except

except a News-writer : He constantly read every *political Pamphlet* that was published, and on both Sides of the Question, and always framed *his* Opinion according to the Writer he read last ; and according to the Humour he happened to be in. He would take his Cap and his Pipe, and a Glas of the Righteous (as he called it) and he would be for setting the World to Rights on an Hurry. “ Ay, Ay, Neighbour Costive, all for their own Ends now a-days, none loves their own poor Country, since Queen *Sameramus*, and she invented *Solomon Gundy*, and that’s the best eating in all the werfal World. If I was at the Head of Affairs, Things should not be as they are now ; that’s all ; they should not indeed. I wou’d shew them another Way of a Manner of going to work : Now I’ll shew you my Plan of Operations ; do you mind me now, mark what I say : Suppose then these two or three Bits of Tobacco Ashes to be the main *Land Continent*.—*Ve—ry well, Ve—ry well* : And suppose now, Neighbour Spriggins, this little Drop of Punch (well come, here’s the King ; God blefs him !) Suppose this little Drop of Punch to be the main Sea Ocean. *Very well, very well* : And suppose these three or four Bits of Cork to be all our great *Men of War*. *Very well*. But what shall I do now for your *fortified* Places ? Oh ! here I have it ; he—re I have it ! Here’s your *Havannahs*, and your *Pondicherries*, and your *Tilbury Forts*, and your *Tower-ditches*, and all your damn’d strong Places : There’s a Plan of Operations for ye now : A——h ! Well, and then our Army all should wear a *new Uniform* ; all our *Horse Infantry*, d’ye mind me, should wear *Air-Jackets* ; and all *Foot Cavalry* should wear *Cork Waistcoats* ; and then, ye know, why they’d be all over the

Sea before you could say *Jack Robinson*. Well, and where do you think I'd land them? You don't know; no, you don't know; how the Devil should you know? You don't understand *Geometry*. Why, I'll tell you where I'd land them; I would land them under the *Line*, close by the *South Pole*; th—ere I'd land them: And then I'd ambuscade all the *Spaniards* Back Settlements; and take from them all their——(Pshaw——You know what I mean well enough: all their——all them damn'd hard Names mentioned in the News-Papers) all their *Mexico's*, and their *Pee-ru's*, and their *Dimont Islands*; and then I'd come with a *Circumvendibus* on the *Dutch*, in flat-bottom'd Boats; (because, ye know, that is a flat-bottom'd Country) open the *Sluices*—let in the Water—drown all the poor *Dutch*, and then we should have *Turtles*, and the *Spice Islands*, for nothing; and there'd be brave living in *Old England*."

While our Politician was thus going on in his Plan, censuring *Men and Measures* he knew nothing about; it happening at the Time when our *Army* lay encamped on one Side of the River, and the French on the other; an Officer in Company, with his Stick, gave our Politician a Rap on the Knuckles! What's that for? he—y? Only, Sir, replied the Officer coolly, to inform you, that that Commander, who crosses a River to attack an Enemy in Front, may chance to get a Rap on the Knuckles: that's all.

Cross-Reading the News-Papers.

YESTERDAY Dr. Jones preached at St. James's,
and performed it with Ease in less than sixteen Minutes.

The Sword of State was carried ———
before Sir John Fielding, and committed to Newgate.

Last Night the Princess Royal was baptized;
Mary, alias Moll Hackett, alias Black Moll.

This Morning the Right Hon. the Speaker ———
was convicted of keeping a disorderly House.

This Day His Majesty will go in State to
fifteen notorious common Prostitutes.

Their R. H. the Dukes of York and Gloucester
were bound over to their good Behaviour.

At Noon her R. H. the Princess Dowager was
married to Mr. Jenkins, an eminent Taylor.

Several Changes are talked of at Court;
consisting of 9050 triple Bob-majors.

Friday a poor blind Man fell into a Saw-pit,
to which he was conducted by Sir Clement Cottrel.

'Tis said that a great Opposition is intended:
——— Pray stop it, and the Party ———

Last Night a most terrible Fire broke out,
and the Evening concluded with the utmost Festivity.

An Indictment for Murder is preferred against
The worshipful Company of Apothecaries.

The Free-Masons will hold their annual grand Lodge
N. B. The utmost Secrecy may be depended on.

A fine Turtle, weighing upwards of eighty Pounds
was carried before the sitting Alderman.

A Number of 5 s. 3 d. Pieces are now coining,
to be sold to the Poor at 5 s. a Bushel.

Escaped from the New Gaol, Terence O'Dermot,
If he will return, he will be kindly received.

By the King's Patent, British Herb Tobacco,
cureth smoaky Chimneys. No Cure, no Pay.

To be disposed of, greatly under prime Cost,
Nothing under full Price will be taken.

The Creditors of Mary Jones are desired to meet ———
I will pay no Debts of her contracting.

Any Lady desirous of lying-in privately,
will be delivered at any Part of the Town.

Wanted an Housekeeper to an elderly Gentleman,
warranted sound, Wind and Limb, and free from Blemish.

Wanted, to take Care of an elderly Gentlewoman,
An active young Man, just come out of the Country.

To be let, and entered upon immediately,
A young Woman, that will put her Hand to any Thing.

Ready to sail for the West Indies,
The Canterbury flying Machine, in one Day.

To be sold to the best Bidder,
My Seat in Parliament, being vacated.

The Turk's-Head Bagnio is now opened,
Where may be had, Price 5 s. in Sheets.

Yesterday a Quantity of new Guineas were issued at the Tower :—
Let no one doubt of the Efficacy of this Medicine.

At the above Office may be had Shares of Tickets and Chances,—
If there be any yet afflicted with this Disease.

We are assured that Lord T——e will accept of a Place ;—
It operates as an Alterative, and produces a wonderful Change.

Aged 76, was married to a young Girl of Eighteen ;—
The Reason of his committing this rash Action is not known.

Yesterday a large Flock of Geese and Turkeys——
was committed to the Poultry Compter for further Examination.

We hear that Mr. *Wilkes* is writing an History of *England*—
He was convicted of the like Offence at the Assizes in 1763 ;

his House was burglariously broke open and robbed—
by virtue of a Warrant under the Great Seal.

Yesterday ended the Sessions at the Old Bailey,——
Of the utmost Use in peopling our new Colonies.

To the curious in Bacon——
He was reckoned the fattest Man in *England*, next to Mr. *Bright*.

Yesterday on the Parade a Soldier received 500 Lashes ;—
Apply as above, and you shall have the same Reward.

Lost or mislaid by Carelessness——
an Opportunity of getting 20 per Cent.

On *Sunday* next a Charity Sermon will be preached,—
And great Quantities of Beer given to the *Populace*.

Opened from her Husband, *Mary* the Wife of *Simon*—
A light Dun, with a black Mane and Tail.

My Daughter is effectually cured by the Use of —
Sermons for Young Women, in 2 vols. Duodecimo.

Whereas it often happens that People are in Want of Money, —
500 l. are ready to be given to any Lady or Gentleman.

Miss *Trufter* continues to make the rich Seed Cakes —
for preventing the Decays of Age, and lengthening human Life.

Genteel Places in any of the Public Offices, —
so much admired by the Nobility and Gentry.

It is sensibly observed by *G. A. Stevens*, “ that
Old Bachelors resemble Pretenders to Atheism,
who make a Mockery in public of what in private
they tremble at and fall down to.”

A certain wou'd-be Wit attempting to divert
himself at the Expence of the *English Aristophanes*,
when at *Stratford*, Mr. *Foote* asked him abruptly
where he came from? To which the other pertly
replied, “ From *Essex*,” “ Ay,” returned the
Actor, “ pray who *drove* you hither?”

Anecdote of the late facetious Bonell Thornton,
Esq; communicated by himself.

When he was a Student at *Oxford*, having a
natural Turn for Gaiety, and being a good deal
circumscribed in his Finances, he was sometimes
obliged to have Recourse to Stratagem for Ways
and Means; he had lately had two new Suits of
Cloaths, and anticipated his Taylor's Demands
by a fictitious Bill, for which, upon remitting it
to his Father, he received the Amount by the Re-
turn of the Post. The Sight of so much Cash,
which he had been unaccustomed to, animated
him with an uncommon Flow of Spirits, which
were not to be indulged in scholastic Exercises,
so that he immediately set out for the Capital;
and having there equipped himself with a Bag-
D 4 Wig

Wig and Sword, he accompanied his *Dulcinea* to the Play, in the Pit. The second Music was scarce finished, before his Father came, and placed himself in the Seat before him; and presently turning round was a good deal startled at seeing a Figure that so much resembled his Son—"What, *Bonell*, said he, Are you there?" But *Bonell*, who knew nothing could befriend him upon this Occasion but Effrontery, resolved to brazen it out, turned to his Lady, and chatted with her, not paying any Attention to the old Gentleman's Inquiries. His Father was however very dissatisfied, notwithstanding *Bonell's* Disguise, and retired before the Play was finished, much chagrined. Upon his Return home, he found an intimate Friend, to whom he communicated the Cause of the Mortification he had received, and added, that "he would burn his Will, and cut such an ungrateful Rascal off with a Shilling—an unnatural Scoundrel, who had publicly disowned his Father!"—Mr. *Thornton's* Friend endeavoured to soften his Passion, and dissuade him from so precipitate an Act, saying, that he could not possibly think it was *Bonell* Mr. *Thornton* had seen, and that his Dress was a Proof of the Mistake. This, however, did not prevent his persevering in the Resolution of destroying his Will, till his Friend agreed to set out early the next Morning for *Oxford*, and there receive satisfactory Intelligence. *Bonell*, convinced of his critical Situation, set out Post for *Oxford* as soon as the Play was finished, and got there Time enough to be at Morning Prayers. His Father arrived there with his Friend in the Evening, and upon Inquiry, finding his Son was at College, and had been at Prayers that very Morning;

Morning"; he returned fully satisfied with *Bonell's* filial Duty.

Quin went one Morning to a Friend of his, who had built a new House at *Bath*, before it was quite finished; when, being affected in a certain natural Way, after having enquired of the Servant if his Master was at home, and being answered in the Negative. — "Well," said he, "however, shew me your Little-house." — "Yes, Sir," replied the Servant, "the House is *small*, but it is very compact." — "I mean," continued *Quin*, "your Necessary-house." — "Yes, Sir," replied the Servant, "I believe my Master will find it very *necessary*, when he comes down, and much better than Lodgings." — "—Your Conveniency, I mean," *Quin* said. — "Very *convenient*, I can assure you," still continued the Servant. — *Quin*, no longer able to contain himself, cried with some Emphasis, *G—d d—n you, you Rascal, shew me your Sh—t-house, or, by G—d, I shall besoul my Breeches.* — "O Lord, Sir," said the Servant, *that is not built yet.*

Three young Sparks going into a Tavern, saw an elderly Gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him, and said, *Father Abraham, I am glad to see you.* The second entered the Room, and said, *Father Isaac, I hope you are well.* The third followed them, and said, *Father Jacob, shall we drink a Glass with you?* The old Gentleman look'd at them a short Time with an Air of Contempt, and then reply'd, *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; but Saul, the Son of Cis, who was sent to seek his Father's Asses; and having found them, left them.* So went out of the Room, and shut them in it.

Taylor, the Oculist, who was a great Cox-

comb, told a Lady once, that he knew her Thoughts by her Eyes : Do you, says she, then I am sure you will keep them secret, for *they are no Way to your Advantage.*

Mrs. Pilkington observed, that by introducing her Husband in her Memoirs, she had made him known ; and that if he ever arrived at Fame, or ever went to Heaven, he must remain her Debtor. *For (adds she,) that Cuckolds go to Heaven, nobody ever yet disputed. Were he one, he ought to thank me, who helped to send him thither. If I have bestowed on him Fame in this World, and Salvation in the next, what could a reasonable Man desire more from his Wife ? But some Folks are never satisfied.*

A Gentleman being at Church, had his Pocket picked of his Watch, and complaining of it to a Friend of his, he replied, Had you watched as well as prayed, your Watch had been secure : But the next Watch you carry about you, remember these Lines ;

*He that a Watch wou'd wear, this he must do,
Pocket his Watch, and watch his Pocket too.*

A Person advertising for a Horse, thus concludes his Advertisement, “ It would be needless for a *Yorkshire* Jockey to apply, the Person who wants the Horse being a *Yorkshire* Man himself.”

A Gentleman coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and seeing the Ostler expert and tractable about the Horses, asked, How long he had lived there, and what Countryman he was ? I’se *Yorkshire*, says the Fellow, an ha lived sixteen Years here. I wonder, reply’d the Gentleman, that in so long a Time so clever a Fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be Master of the Inn yourself. Ay, answered the Ostler, *but Maister’s Yorkshire too.*

Some

Some years ago, two Comedians belonging to *Covent-Garden Theatre* having a Wager about which of them sung best, they agreed to refer it to Doctor *Arne*, who undertook to be Arbitrator on this Occasion. A Day was accordingly agreed on, and both the Parties executed to the best of their Abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the Doctor proceeded to give Judgment in the following Manner: *As for you, Sir, addressing himself to the First, you are by much the worst Singer I ever heard in my Life.* Ah, says the other, exultingly, I knew I should win my Wager. *Stop Sir,* says the Doctor, *I have a Word to say to you before you go; which is this, that as for you, Sir, you cannot sing at all.*

A certain Couple going to *Dunmow* in *Essex*, to demand the Fitch of Bacon, which is to be given to every married Couple, who can swear they have had no Dispute, nor once repented their Bargain, in a Year and a Day; the Steward, ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it? The Husband produced a Bag, and told him, in that: That, says the Steward, is not half big enough: *So I told my Wife,* answered the good Man, *and I believe we have had an hundred Words about it.* *Aye!* said the Steward, *then I must again hang up the Bacon.*

An honest Highlander, walking along *Holborn*, heard a Voice cry, *Rogue Scot, Rogue Scot!* his Northern Blood fired at the Insult, he drew his Broad Sword, looking round him on every Side to discover the Object of his Indignation; at last he found it came from a Parrot perched in a Balcony within his Reach: But the generous Scot, disdain- ing to stain his trusty Blade with such ignoble Blood, puts up his Sword again, with a four

Smile, saying, *Gin ye were a Man as ye're a green Goose, I would split your Weem.*

An *Irishman* having a Looking-glass in his Hand shut his Eyes, and placed it before his Face; another asking him, Why he did so? *Upon my Shoul*, says Teague, *it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

An *Oxford* Scholar being at *Cambridge* ten Days together, they kept him drinking all Night, that he could never rise before Dinner; being asked how he liked the Place? he said, Well enough; but the worst of it is *there is no Forenoon in it.*

A *Scotch* Bagpiper travelling into *Ireland*, opened his Wallet by a Wood-side, and sat down to Dinner; he had no sooner said Grace, than three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, till his Provision was all gone; at length, he took up his Bagpipes, and began to play; at which the Wolves ran away. *The Deel saw me*, said Sawney, *an I had keen'd you lov'd Music so, ye should have had it before Dinner.*

A young Man married a very ill-temper'd Woman, to whom, notwithstanding her Perverseness, he behav'd well, and was very kind; she, however, not contented, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families. The Husband, no longer able to endure this scurvy Humour, bang'd her heartily: hereupon she renews her Complaints to the old Man, who being now better acquainted with her ill Humours, took her to Task, and laced her Sides soundly too; saying, *Go, commend me to your Husband, and tell him, I am now even with him; for I have cudgell'd his Wife, as he has beaten my Daughter.*

Fond Wives, said one, do by their Husbands, as barren Wives do by their Lap-dogs; *cram them with Sweet-meats, till they cloy their Stomachs.*

Lord

Lord *Chesterfield* and another Gentleman paying a Morning visit together, just as the latter had stepped out of the Carriage, a great Lamp, which hung in the Centre of an Iron Arch before the Door, fell, and missed the Gentleman only by about Half an Inch. *Good God, my Lord*, says he, much surprized, *I was near being gone. Why, yes*, says my Lord, very coolly, *but there would have been one Comfort attending such an Accident, that you would have had Extreme Unction before you went.*

Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road with a *Yorkshire* Ostler, fell to bantering him, and one of 'em told the Fellow, he wou'd prove him to be a Horse or an Afs. Well, said the other, and I can prove your Saddle to be a Mule. A Mule ! cry'd one of them, how the De'el can that be ? *Because*, says the other, *it is something between a Horse and an Afs.*

One losing a Bag of Money, about 50*l.* between *Temple-gate* and *Temple-bar*, fixed up a Paper, offering 10*l.* Reward to those who took it up, and would return it. Hereupon the Person who found it, wrote underneath, *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loss.*

An *Irishman*, having been oblig'd to live with his Master some Time in *Scotland*, when he came back, some of his Companions ask'd how he lik'd *Scotland*. *I will tell you now*, said he, *I was sick all de while I was dare ; and if I had liv'd there till this Time, I had been dead a Year ago.*

A Person of Quality, coming into a Church, where many of his Ancestors lay buried ; after he had spoke much in their Commendation, and praised them for worthy Men, *Well*, said he, *I'm resolv'd, if I live till I die, to be buried as near them as possible.*

It

It was said by one, who remembered every Thing he *lent*, and nothing he borrowed, *That he had lost his Memory.*

A Gentleman disputing about Religion in *Button's Coffee House*, some of the Company said, You talk of Religion ! I'll hold you five Guineas, you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer ; Sir *Richard Steele* here shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began, *I believe in G—d* ; and so went through his Creed. *Well !* said the other, *I own I've lost ; but did not think you cou'd have done it.*

When Mrs. *Woffington* first acted Sir *Harry Wildair* at *Drury-lane Playhouse*, coming off the Stage into the Green-Room, *I believe*, said she, *one Half of the House take me really for a Man.* To which Mr. *Quin* replied, *But the other Half, Madam, know to the contrary.*

One meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had a little frown'd upon, ask'd where he liv'd ? *I don't know*, said he, *where I live ; but I starve down towards Wapping and that Way.*

A poor Fellow, going to Execution, had a Reprieve come just as he got to the Gallows, and was taken back by the Sheriff's Officer ; who told him he was a happy Fellow, and ask'd if he knew nothing of the Reprieve before ? *No*, replied the Fellow, *I thought no more of it than I did of my dying Day.*

A proud Parson and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock, in a new Coat ; the Parson ask'd him in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat ? The same People, said the Shepherd, that cloath you, the Parish. The Parson nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty Way, and sent his Man back to ask the Shepherd,

Shepherd, if he wou'd come and live with him ? for he wanted a Fool. The Man went to the Shepherd, accordingly, and deliver'd his Master's Message, concluding thereby that his Master really wanted a Fool. *Why, are you going away then ?* said the Shepherd. No, answered the other. *Then you may tell your Master,* replies the Shepherd, *his Living won't maintain three of us.*

A young Fellow, fancying himself possess'd of Talents sufficient to cut a Figure on the Stage, offer'd himself to Mr. *Rich* ; and, according to Custom, was to speak before Mr. *Quin* : Just as he began to rant forth a Tragedy Speech, a Dog that was running about the Stage, at the same Time, set up a terrible Howl ! Upon which, *Quin* ask'd whose Dog that was, and being inform'd, he cried out, *He's a Dog of Judgment, by Jove,*—and walked off without staying to hear the Speech out.

A *Flemish* Tyler in *Flanders* accidentally fell from the Top of a House upon a *Spaniard*, and kill'd him ; though he escaped himself. The next of Blood prosecuted his Death with great Violence against the Tyler, and when offered pecuniary Recompence, nothing wou'd serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Hereupon the Judge said to him, if he did insist upon that Sentence, *he should go up to the Top of the same House, and fall down from thence upon the Tyler.*

A Gentleman telling a Lady that a certain Apothecary of her Acquaintance was broke, and oblig'd to shut up Shop ; she enquired the Cause ; to which the Gentleman replied, he was so honest a Man, that instead of loading his Patients with Medicines, as is too common a Practice, he advised them to take the wholesome Air, and of Course lost the Profit arising from the Sale of his

his Drugs. Poor Man ! says she, it is plain he could not live by the *Air*, though his Patients could.

In the Year 1629, *Ben Johnson* fell sick, and was then poor, and lodg'd in an obscure Alley ; his Majesty *Charles I.* was supplicated in his Favour, who sent him ten Guineas. When the Messenger delivered the Sum, *Ben* took it in his Hand, and said, *His Majesty has sent me ten Guineas, because I am poor and live in an Alley ; go and tell him, That his Soul lives in an Alley.*

When *Quin* lodg'd in the Country, he turn'd his Horse to Grass and lost him ; making an Enquiry after him, he ask'd a Country Fellow if they had any Thieves among them, for his Horse was stolen ? *No*, says the Clown, *we be all honest Folks bere ; but they say, there is one Quin, I think they call him, a strolling Player from London, mayhap he may a'stol'n him.*

One telling another, he had once so excellent a Gun, that it went off immediately at Thieves coming into the House, although it was not charg'd. How the Devil can that be ? says the other ; *Because*, said he, *the Thieves carried it off ; and what was worse, before I had Time to charge them with it.*

The late Lord *Chesterfield*, notwithstanding he was so much a Man of Wit, and of the World, was, until not many Years before his Death, well known to be a constant Dupe to Gaming ; inso-much that he never went to a Watering-place, that he had not a Crowd of Sharpers hovering about him. Being at *Bath* some Years since, he engaged at a Billiard-match with the celebrated *Charles Jones* *, which was no sooner known than the Room was crowded with Black-legged Gen-

* Author of *Ho le's Games improved.*

try, who all betted in favour of *Jones*. The Match continued for some Time, in which my Lord never turned a Game, and in Consequence lost considerably. *Jones*, who only played for a Guinea himself, seeing this, and having been often *Patronized* by his Lordship, thought it a good Opportunity to shew his Gratitude, by declining the Game, and telling his Lordship the Reason. *Well, well*, says my Lord, with great Coolness, *admitting that to be true, if these Gentlemen do me the Honour to attend me from Place to Place, surely it is the least I can do to support my Attendants.*

A dignified Clergyman, going down to his Living to spend the Summer, met near his House a comical old Chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So, *John*, says the Doctor, from whence came you? From your House, says Mr. *Soot*; for this Morning I have swept all your Chimnies. How many were there, says the Doctor? No less than twenty, quoth *John*. Well, and how much a Chimney have you? Only a Shilling a-piece, Sir. Why then, quoth the Doctor, you have earned a great deal of Money in a little Time. *Yes, yes, Sir*, says *John*, throwing his Bag of Soot over his Shoulders, *we black Coats get our Money easy enough.*

Two neighbouring Gentlemen of equal Fortune, and remarkable for their Avarice, were distinguish'd in their Parish by the Names of *Crib* and *Starve-Gut*. Mr. *Crib* often visited his Neighbour, and was as often visited by him, but as they had both the same End in View, they never ask'd each other to eat or drink; and thus they went on together very amicably, till *Crib* one Day was present at his Friend's, when a Man came to pay the Interest of a Thousand Pounds, which raised Mr. *Crib's*
Envy

Envy so much, that he left the Room, and went home; but returned in the Evening to Mr. *Starve-Gut*, in order to learn some of his saving Maxims. When *Crib* came in, he found him writing a Letter by a Farthing Candle; he was no sooner sat down, but Mr. *Starve-Gut* put it out. How now, says *Crib*, what's that for? To which *Starve-Gut* replied, Can't we two talk as well in the Dark? Faith, Neighbour, says *Crib*, you are an excellent Œconomist; I wish you would teach me some of your Rules. Why, Friend, says *Starve-Gut*, one of my chief Maxims is, never to spend more than is necessary, witness the Candle! Right, quoth *Crib*. I remember, says *Starve-Gut*, the Saying of an old Philosopher, which ought to be writ in Letters of Gold; namely, *That whatever is unnecessary is too dear at a Farthing*. Right, quoth *Crib*: thank you, Neighbour; Egad, I'll set this down. Now we are talking of saving, says *Starve-Gut*, let me ask you one Question, for you must know there is a great Difference between being covetous, and being saving; for my Part there is nothing I hate more than a stingy Man. But to my Question. Pray, Friend *Crib*, do you shave yourself? Quoth *Crib*, What do you take me for a Fool? Well, well, says *Starve-Gut*, don't be in a Passion, I did but ask; but what do you do with your Lather? Why, fling it away, says *Crib*, what do you think? Why, there it is now, says *Starve-Gut*, that's enough to ruin any Man; why, I always wash half a Dozen Handkerchiefs and a Night-cap in mine, and then save it to wash my Stockings.

My Friend, *Tom Tickle*, is peculiarly odd in his Manner of drawing Characters: I remember, he once, while I was with him, sent his Servant to a Gentleman, who is remarkable for being always
in

in a Hurry, with a Message of great Importance ; but the Servant return'd, and told his Master, that the Gentleman was in so great a Hurry, he could not speak to him. *'Tis no more than what I expected, says Tom, for he loses an Hour in the Morning, and runs after it all Day.*

Hippesly, the Player, having a large full Wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a Friend of his, that it was a very good one. *Faith ! Sir, said he, with his usual Humour, I know not how good it may prove in the long Run, but at present it has run me over Head and Ears in Debt.*

An old Woman, who was famous for selling Ale at *Oxford*, and to whose House there resorted many of the Scholars, several of them remarked, that they never saw their Landlady at Church ; they insisted, that if she valued their Custom, and hoped to have the Continuance of it for the future, that on the succeeding and every *Sunday* following, she should constantly be there. She, like a Woman, who valued her Interest more than her Religion, told them, that she wou'd be very willing to comply with their Requests. Accordingly, when *Sunday* came, she arrayed herself in her best Apparel, and taking her ancient Clasp Bible, proceeded in great Form to Church : but being unused to the Place, in Sermon-Time she fell fast asleep, and unluckily let her Bible fall, which making a great Noise awakened her. She had forgot where she was, and thinking she was at home, and that her Maids had done some Mischief, started up in a great Passion, with the following Exclamation : So, you Slut, there's another Jug broke, is there ?

Trefusis, the Comedian, enter'd Volunteer on board

board the Ship which the Duke of York commanded, in that memorable Engagement with the Dutch Fleet, 1673. When Preparations were making for Battle, *Jo* confess'd he was seiz'd with Fear; but when the Man at the Top-mast-head cried *A Sail*, then *Two Sail*, and after, *Zounds, a whole Wood!* *Jo's* Terrors augmented; which a Sailor observing, ask'd, whether he had never perform'd on the Stage? *Jo* replied, *Yes. Why then*, says the blunt Tar, *To-morrow, if you are not kill'd the first Broadside, you'll see the deepest and bloodiest Tragedy you ever saw in your Life.*

A Gentleman riding over Salisbury Plain, when it rain'd very hard, set up a Gallop, and pass'd by another whose Horse stood still; a little surprized at this Sight, he ask'd the Reason of it: *Zounds*, says the other, *Who the De'el but a Fool wou'd ride in this Wet.*

Some Gentlemen t'other Day boasting of their Ancestors, an arch Wag standing by, said, he believ'd he was of a more ancient Family than any of them, and could trace his Pedigree in a lineal Descent from King *Lud*. Ay! says one of them, how do you make that out? *Why*, Sir, said he, *it was my Misfortune to be put into Ludgate for a Debt of fifty Shillings, and I made my Escape down a Rope.*

A Person who had render'd himself obnoxious in Trade, was told of some of his Tricks by a Merchant on 'Change; and being a little nettled at his Reproaches, said, What! Sir, do you call me a Rogue? No, I don't call you Rogue, says the Merchant, but I'll give you ten Guineas, if you'll find any one here, who will say you are an honest Man.

A Citizen invited some of his Neighbours to
a Feast,

a Feast, his Son handing a Glass of Wine to a Gentleman accidentally spilt it on his Band; and for his Carelessness his Father took him a Box on the Ear. The Son having recovered himself, gave the next Man a good Box. Being ask'd the Reason, he said, *Come, come, let it go round; 'twill come to my Father anon, for I dare not strike him myself.*

An arch Prisoner, who had an unfavourable Countenance, being brought to the Bar to be tried for Horse-stealing, the Judge immediately cried out, Oh! here is a noted Villain, I am sure! Why, Sirrah, I can see the Rogue in your Face. *Ay, my Lord, says the Fellow, I wonder at that; for I did not know my Face was a Looking-Glass, 'till your Lordship saw yourself in it.*

Mrs. ***, who had married a Husband of great Good-nature, but a little deficient in Point of Understanding, was reproached by her Brother-in-Law, who told her in Derision, that she had coupled herself to a Fool.—So has my Sister, says she, for no Man of Sense would endeavour to give any Woman a mean Opinion of her Husband.

A Scotchman was very angry with an Englishman, who he said had abus'd him, and call'd him *False Scot*. Faith, Sir, you are quite mistaken, quoth the Englishman, for I said you were a *True Scot*.

A Quaker, that was a Barber, being sued by the Parson for Tythes, *Yea and Nay* went to him and demanded the Reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never Dealings with him in his whole Life: *Why, says the Parson, it is for Tythes. For Tythes!* says the Quaker; *I prithee, Friend,*
upon

upon what Account? *Why*, says the Parson, for preaching in the Church. *Alas!* then, replied the Quaker, *I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there.* *Oh!* but you might, says the Parson, for the Doors are always open at convenient Times; and thereupon told him he would be paid, seeing it was his Due. *Yea and Nay* hereupon shak'd his Ears, and making several wry Faces, departed, and immediately entered his Action, (it being a Corporation Town) against the Parson for forty Shillings. The Parson, upon Notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, Why he put such a Disgrace upon him? and for what he did owe him the Money? *Truly, Friend*, replied the Quaker, for *Trimming*. For *Trimming*? said the Parson; *Why*, I was never trimmed by you in my Life. *Oh!* but thou might'st have come and been trimmed, if thou hadst pleased, for my Doors are always open at convenient Times, as well as thine.

Jemmy Spiller, the Comedian, going one Day through *Rag-Fair*, a Place where they sell second-hand Goods, cheapened a Leg of Mutton he saw hang up there, at a Butcher's Stall. The Butcher told him it was a Groat a Pound. *Are you not an unconscionable Fellow*, said *Spiller*, to ask such a Price, when one may buy a new one for that in *Clare-market*?

A Man very rich, but very silly, was recommended to a Gentleman as a good Match for his Daughter. *No, no*, said he, *I wou'd rather have a Man for my Daughter without Money, than Money without a Man.*

A Gentleman galloping furiously over ploughed Lands towards *Tame*, and meeting one, ask'd him,

him, *If that was the Way to Tame?* Aye, says the Fellow, *tame your Horse, if he be as wild as the Devil.*

Two riding from *Shipton to Burford*, and seeing a Miller jog on softly before 'em on his Sacks, were resolv'd to abuse him; so they went one on each Side, saying, Miller, now tell us, which art thou most, Knave or Fool? Truly, said he, I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.

One was saying that his Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father died at Sea. Quoth another, who heard him, *If I were you, I would never go to Sea.* Why, said the other, where did your Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father die? He answered, *In their Beds.* Then said the First, *And if I were you, I would never go to Bed.*

A Gentleman meeting the King's Jester, ask'd what News? Why, Sir, replied he, there are forty thousand Men risen To-day. I pray, to what End, said the other, and what do they intend? *Why to lay down again at Night.*

Some Years since Mr. Foote dined at the *Castle*, at *Salt-hill*. When *Partridge* produced the Bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his Name.—“*Partridge*, and please you,” replied the Host.—“*Partridge!*” resumed Foote, “it should be *Woodcock*, by the Length of your Bill.”

Lady B——L——, being at the Play of the *Hypocrite*, in which there are several Latin Sentences, she applied to a Macaroni, who sat behind her, for an Explanation. He said it was Dog Latin, and he could not explain it. “It is strange,”

strange," cried she, " that a Puppy should not understand his own Language."

Lord *Chatham* making one of a Party at Whist, one of the Gamesters, with a bitter Oath, declared, He had the *worst Hand* in the Company; a considerable Bet was proposed, and agreed to by his Lordship, that he *had a worse*; he pulled off his Glove, and shewed his *gouty Hand*, when the Company unanimously pronounced it in his Lordship's Favour.

An *English Gentleman* being taken ill of a yellow Fever at *Jamaica*, a Lady, who had married in that Island, indirectly hinted to him, in the Presence of an *Irish Physician* that attended him, the Propriety of making his Will, in a Country where People were so apt to die; the Physician, thinking his Judgment called in Question, tartly replied, " By *Jasus*, Madam, I wish you would tell me that Country where People do not die, and I will go and end my Days there."

A Man and his Wife were striving who should wear the Breeches; in the mean Time one knocked at the Door; the good Man stepped out to see who was there, and ask'd the Party who he would speak withal; who answered, With the Master of the House. Stay, Friend, says he, but a little while, and I shall resolve you, for as yet the Case is doubtful. So stepping in, his Wife and he went to it again, and she at last yields him the Victory. Then he goes to the Door; Now, Friend, said he, thou may'st speak with me, I am Master of the House; but I could not tell thee so before, till my Wife and I had decided the Controversy.

A Gentleman had a blind Harper playing before him till it was pretty late; at last he com-

mands his Man to light the Harper down Stairs: To whom the Servant replied, Sir, the Harper is blind: Why, you ignorant Loggerhead, says his Master, has he not the more Need of Light?

On a Time, *Ogle* wanting a Pair of Boots to mount Guard in, goes into a Shoemaker's Shop, and ask'd for a Pair of Boots, which were brought him. They fitting him, he walk'd up and down the Shop, to settle them to his Feet; and seeing an Opportunity, he ran out of the Shop, and the Shoemaker followed him, crying, Stop Thief! Stop Thief! *Ogle* said, No, Gentlemen, 'tis for a Wager; I am to run in Boots, and he in Shoes and Stockings. Then said the Mob, Well run, Boots, for Shoes and Stockings will never overtake thee.

'Twas no bad Joke of Lady *Starvegut's* Footman, who, on the *Pantry* being kept lock'd, nail'd up the *Necessary*; on being ask'd the Reason, he told her Ladyship, while one was unopen, the other was unnecessary.

A Man who travell'd the Country, and got his Bread by flying upon a Rope off the Tops of Steeples, &c. applied once to a learned Bishop for Leave to fly from the Top of the Cathedral, and engaged some People of Weight to speak in his Favour: to whom his Lordship reply'd; *'Tis inconsistent with my Duty and the Nature of my Function, to permit any Man to fly from the Church; but your Friend may fly to it, if he will.*

One was advised to venture something in a Lottery; Not I, says he, for none have Luck in it but rank Cuckolds. Come, come, says his Wife, I pray, my Dear, venture something; I am sure you'll stand as good a Chance as any of them.

E

A Sea

A Sea Captain's Opinion being ask'd about a *future State*, he answer'd, that *State-Affairs* never troubled his Brains.

A *Scotch* Gentleman being once reproached for voting against his Conscience, said the Charge was false; *for he never had a Conscience.*

A Lady ordered her *Irish* Footman to Mr. Richards, the famous *Staymaker*, to fetch Home a new Pair of Stays, strictly charging him, if it rain'd, to take a Hackney Coach, to prevent their being injured by the Weather. A violent Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not obeying the Commands of his Lady, replied, *That in Truth he did take a Coach, but rode all the Way behind it, as it became his Station.*

A Gentleman meeting with his Godson, ask'd him whither he was going? To School, replies the Boy. That's well, said he, there's Sixpence for you: follow thy Learning apace; *I may live to hear thee preach my Funeral Sermon.*

One of the Ambassadors from *Morocco*, having never seen Snow till he came into *England*, and observing (when it snow'd) that the Boys gathered it up in their Hands; said, it was no Wonder the *English* were so fair, since they wash'd themselves in white Rain.

One having a Kinswoman come out of the Country, that was never at *London* before, invited her abroad, and having shew'd her the Tombs at *Westminster*, came with her to the King's Chapel, where the Organs were playing, and entering in, he took her by the Hand to lead her to a convenient Seat; but she held back, saying, Indeed, Cousin, you must excuse me, I cannot dance.

One

One seeing his Son in Mischief, cried out, Sirrah, did you ever see me do so, when I was a Boy?

While a Scholar was blowing his Fire, the Nose of his Bellows dropt off: I see, indeed, says he, it's cold Weather, for the Nose of the very Bellows drops.

Mr. *Moore*, the Author of many ingenious Pieces, being a long Time under an expensive Prosecution in Doctors-Commons for marrying two Sisters, was called upon one Morning by his Proctor, as he was writing his Tragedy of the Gamesters: the Proctor having a leisure Hour, Mr. *Moore* read him four Acts of his Piece, which were all at that Time finished, which the former found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how can you possibly add to this Couple's Distress in the other Act?" "Oh! very easily," says *Moore*, "there I intend to put them both in the *Spiritual Court*."

An arch Barber, at a certain Borough in the West, where there are but few Electors, had Art enough to suspend his Promise till the Voters, by Means of *Bribery*, the *old Balsam*, were so divided, that the casting Vote lay in himself. One of the Candidates, who was sensible of it, came into his little dirty Shop to be shaved, and when the Operation was finish'd, threw into the Basin *Twenty Guineas*. The next Day came the other Candidate, who was shaved also, and left *Thirty*. Some Days after this, the first return'd to solicit the Barber's Vote, who told him very coldly, *That he could not promise*. *Not promise!* says the Gentleman; why I thought I had been shaved here! 'Tis true, says the Barber, *you was, but another Gentleman has been trimm'd since that; however, if*

you please, I'll trim you again ; and then tell you my Mind.

A little Gentleman going to a Friend's House, found himself too short to reach the Knocker ; at last seeing a very tall Fellow coming by, begg'd him to do it for him ; which (tho' very unwillingly) he did, at the same Time muttering, *Damn it, what are little Fellows like you made for ?* the other smartly reply'd, *To be waited on by the tall ones like you.*

One being at a Sermon, when a dry empty Fellow preach'd most of his Auditors out of the Church, said *he made a very moving Sermon.*

A Senior of a Hall chiding an Under-graduate for prating, told him, that *Vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur.* Yes, saith the Under-graduate, & *Vir loquitur, qui pauca sapit.*

A Scholar being so fuddled, that he could not unlock his Door, complained to the Governor, that somebody had stolen away his Key-hole.

A Scholar of Christ-Church that was whimsical, or, as we used to say, that had a *Maggot in his Head*, a'ways complain'd that when he eat Fish, they would *rise in his Stomach.* No Wonder, quoth another, *for they rise and leap after the Maggot in your Head.*

One seeing an affected Coxcomb buying Books, told him, his Bookseller was properly his Upholsterer, for he furnished his Room rather than his Head.

A young Lady with a good Fortune, having bestowed herself on a wild young Fellow ; *Well,* says the old Lady her Aunt, *for all you were so eager to have him, you'll have your Belly full of him in a little Time, I'll warrant you.*

A Lord-Mayor waiting upon King Charles the
Second,

Second, who happened to be in the Park feeding the Ducks with his Hat in his Hand, the Mayor desired he might not speak till his Majesty was covered; *Phoo, Phoo*, says the King, *you may go on very safely, 'tis to the Ducks I pull my Hat off.*

A Gentleman coming by *Maidstone* Gaol, seeing an old Acquaintance of his there, said, How now, *Tom*, how camest thou here? *Faith*, said he, *a blind Man might have found the Way hither, for I was led between two; and they would suffer me to go no other Way.*

A very ingenious Man was walking along *Cheapside*, whom a hectoring Blade meeting, thrust him from the Wall, saying, He did not use to give every saucy Jackanapes the Wall: *But I do*, said the Gentleman; and so passed on.

A Tradesman newly made Mayor of a little Town in the North, meeting with an old Acquaintance while he was mending his Hedge, who spoke to him, and by Accident kept his Hat off, imagined it was done out of Respect to his new Dignity; upon which, bridling and composing his Muscles with great Gravity, he said, "*Put on your Hat, Sir, put on your Hat, I am still but a Man!*"

A Gentleman being choaked with a Honeycomb, his Friends began to bemoan him. *Why make you such Lamentations?* said a witty Person; *never Man had a sweeter Death.*

Lord *S—h*, after the first Day of the naval Review at *Portsmouth*, having asked a Clergyman, Whether such a Profusion of Fire and Smoke did not give him an Idea of Hell? the reverend Ecclesiastic replied, Yes; especially as I observed your Lordship to be in the Midst of it.

A Lawyer and his Clerk riding on the Road, the Clerk desired to know what was the chief Point of the Law. His Master said, if he would promise to pay for their Suppers that Night, he would tell him; which was agreed to. Why then, said the Master, good Witnesses are the chief Point in the Law. When they came to the Inn, the Master bespoke a Couple of Fowls for Supper; and when they had supped, told the Clerk to pay for them according to Agreement. O Sir, says he, *where's your Witnesses?*

An Apothecary said, that *all bitter Things were hot*. Ay, says another, *what think you of bitter cold Weather?*

A Gentleman in a Coffee-House hearing a Coward speaking it stoutly in Favour of Courage, said, *It put him in mind of what he had once seen at a Show, a Hare beating a Drum.*

Lewis XIV. was rallying the Duke of Vienne upon his extraordinary Fatness, in Presence of the Duke of Aumont, who was at least as bulky; "You grow out of all Compass, said the King, you use no Exercise." *Indeed, but I do, said Vienne, and a great deal too, for there is not a Day passes, but I walk two or three Times round my Cousin Aumont.*

A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money; the Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him, he must needs have the Money. Didst tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, I was not running away? Yes, Sir, said the Boy, but he bid me tell you, *that he was.*

One told another, who was not used to be cloathed often, that his new Coat was too short for him. *That's true, said he, but it will be long enough before I get another.*

A Gen-

A Gentleman eating some *Cheshire* Cheese pretty full of Maggots, took several on the Point of a Knife, and eat them. Now, says he to some of his Friends, I have destroyed at once more than ever *Sampson* did. *Ay, Sir*, says an arch Wag, *so you have; and with the same Weapon too, the Jaw-bone of an Ass.*

A Country Farmer was observed never to be in a good Humour when he was hungry, which caused his Wife to watch carefully the Time of his coming home, and always to have Dinner ready on the Table. One Day he surprized her, and she had only Time to set a Mess of Broth ready for him. He, according to Custom, began to open his Pipes, and maunder over it, forgetting what he was about, and burnt his Mouth to some Purpose. His Wife seeing him in that Condition, comforts him in the following Manner: *See how it is now; had you kept your Breath to cool your Pottage, you had not burnt your Mouth, John.*

A Gentleman and his Servant in a cold frosty Morning riding through a River together, the Gentleman's Horse stumbled, and threw him into the Water, and soon after fell to drinking: At which the Man laughed heartily. *Sirrah*, said the Master, do you laugh at me? No, Sir, says the Servant, I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that *your Horse can't drink without a Toast this cold Morning.*

A little after the Death of Sir *William Stanhope*, Brother to the late Earl of *Chesterfield*, his Lady (whom Fame had taken some Liberties with before) married Captain C——, of a marching Regiment, who had little besides his Commission for his Support. When Lord *Chesterfield* was first told of this Circumstance, two or three of the

Family present were arraigning the very great *Imprudence* of the Match. *Not at all*, says his Lordship; *as for my Part, I think nothing could be more equal; she married for a Cloak, and he for a Coat.*

A certain gambling Peer married a Lady of easy Virtue. His Lordship being asked his Opinion of the Alliance, said, *It is no wonder Brimstone and Cards should make Matches.*

A certain Justice of the Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse, riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some Gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful Horse that proud Priest has got? I'll banter him a little. *Doctor*, said he, *you don't follow the Example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an Ass.* *Why really, Sir*, replied the Parson, *the King has lately made so many Asses Justices, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a Mind to it.*

Two Country Fellows meeting, one asked the other, What News? He answered, He knew no other News, but *that he saw a very great Wind last Friday.* *See a Wind!* says the other. *Yes, see it,* replied he again. *Prithee, what was it like?* said he. *Like!* said the other; *why it was like to blow my House down.*

A Beggar addressing himself to an old Miser, used these Words, *Dear Sir, bestow your Charity.* To which the Usurer replied, I have it not. *Ah!* quoth the Beggar, *the more Shame for you, to have so much Money and no Charity.*

A Gentleman riding down a steep Hill, and being afraid the Foot of it was boggy, called out to a Clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the Bottom. The Fellow replied,
Ay,

Ay, ay, 'tis very hard at the Bottom; I'll warrant you: Which encouraged the Gentleman to ride confidently down the Hill; but in six or seven Yards stepping, his Horse sunk up to the Belly in a Bog, which made the Gentleman kick and whip, and curse and swear at the Fellow, who was still within hearing; and to whom he called out, *You Country Rogue, didn't you tell me 'twas hard at the Bottom?* The Ditcher answered, *Yes I did, and so it is, Sir; but you are not at the Bottom yet by a Mile.*

A young Student, shewing the *Museum* at *Oxon* to a Set of Gentlemen and Ladies, among other Things produced a rusty Sword: This, says he, Gentlemen, is the Sword with which *Balaam* was going to kill his Ass. Upon which one of the Company replied, that he thought *Balaam* had no Sword, but only wished for one. You are right, says the Student, and this is the very Sword he wish'd for.

A Lady's Age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a Gentleman who was in Company to deliver his Opinion. Cousin, said she, do you believe I am right; when I say I am but forty? I'm sure, Madam, said he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten Years.

A Gentleman having a very rich Favour in his Hat, several Ladies seeing it had a Liking to it, and would have got it, if they could, without begging: But one of them said to him, Sir, you have a very fine Favour in your Hat. Pray Madam, said he, do you like it? Yes indeed, Sir, says she, very well. *Why,* says he, *if you had not liked it, I would have thrown it into the Fire immediately; but seeing that you do, I am resolved to keep it for your Sake.*

Two Scholars passing by a Windmill, stood for some Time viewing it; the Miller looking out of a little Wicket, asked them what they would have, and what they stared at? Why, says one of them, we are looking at this Thing; I pray, what is it? Why, says the Miller, don't you see? Where are your Eyes? It is a Windmill. *We crave your Mercy, Sir, says the Scholars, we took it for a Gaol, seeing a Thief look out of the Window.*

Some Persons pleading their Cause before the Lord Chancellor, and shewing, as it were, the Boundaries and Limits of their Land, the Counsel on one Side said, We lie on this Side, my Lord; and the Counsel on the other Part said, We lie on this Side. The Lord Chancellor arose, and said, *If you lie on both Sides, pray which would you have me believe?*

One of the Mendicant Friars in France, and his Ass loaded with Provisions he had collected, being crossing a Ferry, the poor Beast, with the Weight of his Load, and the Coldness of the Season, trembled and shook exceedingly. One in the Boat, thinking to be witty, told the Friar, *his Brother trembled. Ay, says the Friar, if you had a Cord round your Neck, Irons at your Feet, and a Man of my Profession at your Elbow, you would tremble too.*

The Standers-by, to comfort a poor Man who lay on his Death-bed, told him, he should be carried to Church by four lusty proper Fellows. *I thank you, says he, but I had much rather go myself.*

The late Mr. Rich's Abilities as an Harlequin are well known. One Night after the Entertainment, he had got into a Hackney Coach, and ordered the Man to drive him to the Sun Tavern
in

in *Clare-market*. It happened that as the Fellow was driving by the Window, *Rich* perceived it to be open, and threw himself out of the Coach into the Room. The Coachman having turned the Corner drove up to the House, and getting from the Box opened the Coach Door, and let down the Step; then taking off his Hat, he waited some Time expecting his Fare to alight; but at last looking into his Coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty Curses on the Rascal that had bilked him, and remounting his Box, turned about, and was driving the same Way back. As he passed again by the Window, *Rich* watched the Opportunity, and again threw himself into the Coach; he then looked out, and calling to the Coachman, asked where he was going, and bid him turn and come once more to the *Sun Tavern Door*. When *Rich* got out, after reproaching the Fellow for his Stupidity, he would have given him his Fare: *No, God blefs your Honour*, says the Man, *my Master has ordered me to take no Money To-night. Why then*, says *Rich*, *he's a Fool and here's a Shilling for yourself*. *No*, says the Man, who by this Time had mounted his Coach-Box, *that won't do; I know you too well for all your Shoes; and so, Mr. Devil, for once you are outwitted*.

A Man who had Money enough to make him whimsical, on account of some imaginary Indisposition ordered a Physician to be sent for; who presently attending, felt his Pulse, and examined his Urine; which finding of a good Colour, he asked him, *Sir, do you eat well?* He answered, *Yes. And do you sleep well?* he said, *he did*. O then, says the Physician, *I'll find you a Remedy that shall drive away all these Things*.

Oliver riding in his Coach on a very rainy Day, and *Hugh Peters* on Horseback by him, says *Oliver*, *Peters*, *I'll lend you my Coat. Please you, Sir,* says he, *I would not be in your Coat for a thousand Pounds.*

An old covetous Gentleman died, and left his Estate to a very extravagant Son. This Spark, as he was riding in his Coach to *Tunbridge*, was angry with his Coachman for not driving faster, and called to him, You Dog, Rogue, if you do not make more Haste, I will come out of my Coach and kick you to the Devil. *If you do, Sir,* says the Fellow, *I'll tell your Father how profusely you spend his Estate.*

A Person being summoned to appear at the Sessions for a Witness, about a Fray that happened in *Holborn*, being called to stand up to give in his Evidence, the Judge said to him, Friend, how came these two Persons to fall out? *Why, an't please you, my Lord,* said the Fellow, *he said, My Lord, you are a Rogue.* The Judge perceiving the People smile, bid him speak to the Jury, *for there were twelve of them.*

Dr. Mead coming out of *Tom's* Coffee-House, an impudent broken Apothecary met him at the Door, and desired he would lend him five Guineas. *So!* said the Doctor, *I am surprised you should apply to me for such a Favour, who don't know you!* *Oh! dear Sir,* replied the Apothecary, *it is for that very Reason I ask it, for those who know me won't lend me a Farthing.*

Tom Clark of *St. John's* desired a Fellow of the same College to lend him *Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation*; the other told him, he could not possibly spare it out of his Chambers, but if he pleased, he might come there and read in it all
Day

Day long. Some Time after the same Gentleman sends to *Tom*, to borrow his Bellows; *Tom* sent him Word, *he could not possibly spare them out of his Chamber, but he might come there and blow all Day long, if he would.*

NEW EPIGRAMS, TALES,
TOASTS, &c.

On a Troop of Horse being sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge.

EPIGRAM.

THE King surveying with judicious Eyes,
The State of both his Universities;
To one a Troop of Horse he sent, for why?
That learned Body wanted Loyalty:
To t'other he sent Books, as well discerning,
How much that loyal Body wanted Learning.

On Miss GUNNING *. Extempore.

Cupid, one Day, to show his Cunning,
Laid by his Bow, and took to Gunning.

To a Lady who desir'd the Author to write no more Verses. Extempore.

Delia, 'twas your Command first taught

The Infant Muse to sing;

Drew from Obscurity the Bard,

To strike the trembling String:

At your Command he drops the Pen,

Obsequious quits the Lyre;

Content, those Charms he durst not sing,

In Silence to admire.

* Afterwards Countess of Coventry.

On a disinherited Son.

Thy Father, his Estate, by his last Will,
Left to the Poor; thou hast good Title still.

On a Beau who was always looking in a Glass.

He admires his Cloaths, how elegant they sit,
And spans his Waist, as slender as his Wit.

Women the best Politicians.

One Night plump *Sue* and Coachman *Ned*,
A Bargain struck, in Haste to wed;
A Crown was stak'd, the Pair consented
To lose their Pledge who first repented:
Time for the Matrimonial Farce,
To-morrow comes—*Ned* hangs an Arse.
Of bad the best poor *Suky* makes,
And, angry, claims his forfeit Stakes:
Ned frankly paid it, as agreed,
Of a worse Bargain to be freed;
Quoth he, thou'rt welcome; on my Life,
A cheap Divorcement from a Wife.
The crafty Quean, who feign'd a while,
Soon answer'd with a jeering Smile,
' Ah Fool, 'tis well you first relented,
' I'd lost—had you but seem'd contented:
' Gladly your Freedom I'll restore,
' One Shilling spend, and pocket four.'
Ladies, lay *Ovid's* Rules apart,
In Love learn thriftier *Susan's* Art.

*By Mr. * * * *.*

Joan vows, to hearten tim'rous Youth,
She ne'er saw Ghost, or thing uncivil,
Worse than herself:—tho' once, in Truth,
Joan does believe she saw the Devil.

On the Marriage of an old Maid.

Celia, a Coquet in her Prime,
 The vainest, ficklest Thing alive :
 Behold the strange Effects of Time !
 Marries, and doats at Forty-five.
 Thus Weather-cocks, who, for a while,
 Have turn'd about with every Blast ;
 Grown old, and destitute of Oil,
 Rust to a Point, and fix at last.

*The best Cure for Love.**

Of two Reliefs, to cure a Love-sick Mind,
Flavia prescribes Despair ; I urge, be kind :
Flavia, be kind : The Remedy's as sure.
 'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest Cure.

On an old Woman who wore false Hair.

The Golden Hair that *Galla* wears,
 Is hers, who would have thought it ?
 She swears 'tis her's—and true she swears ;
 For I know where she bought it.

On a Lady wearing artificial Teeth.

Thais her Teeth are black and nought,
Lucania's white are grown ;
 But what's the Reason ? These are bought,
 The other wears her own.

On a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture. By Mr. Dennis.

He * who great *Jove's* Artillery ap'd so well,
 By real Thunder and true Lightning fell ;
 How then durst thou, with equal Danger, try
 To counterfeit the Lightning of her Eye ?
 Painter, desist ! or soon th' Event will prove,
 That Love's as jealous of his Arms, as *Jove*.

* *Salmoneus*.

On an ugly old Woman in the Dark. From Martial.
 Whilst in the Dark on thy soft Hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting Syren in thy Tongue;
 What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I endur'd!
 But when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

On seeing a disagreeable Woman with Patches on her Face.

Your homely Face, *Flippanta*, you disguise
 With Patches numerous as *Argus'* Eyes;
 I own that Patching's requisite for you,
 For more we're pleas'd if less your Face we view;
 Yet I advise, if my Advice you ask,
 Wear but one Patch, and be that Patch a Mask.

On Suicide. From Martial.

When all the Blandishments of Life are gone,
 The Coward creeps to Death, the Brave lives on.

By Dr. Swift.

As *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
 He took to his Heels, and ran for his Life.
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the Squabble,
 And screen'd him at once from the Shrew and the
 Rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome Advice;
 But *Tom* is a Fellow of Humour so nice,
 Too proud to take Counsel, too wise to take warning,
 He sent to all three a Challenge next Morning.
 He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his Life,
 Then went home again, and was thrash'd by his
 Wife.

Venus mistaken. By Mr. Prior.

When *Chloe's* Picture was to *Venus* shown,
 Surpris'd, the Goddess took it for her own;
 And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean?
 When was I bathing thus? and naked-seen?

Pleas'd

Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride;
 And who's blind now, *Mamma?* the Urchin cry'd:
 'Tis *Chloe's* Eye, and Check, and Lip, and Breast;
 Friend *Howard's* Genius fancied all the rest.

The disappointed Husband.

A scolding Wife so long a Sleep possess'd,
 Her Spouse presum'd her Soul was now at Rest.
Sable was call'd, to hang the Room with Black,
 And all their Cheer was Sugar-rolls and Sack.
 Two mourning Staffs stood Centry at the Door,
 And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
 The Cloaks and Tears and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,
 They march'd in woeful Pomp to *Abchurch Yard*.
 When, see of narrow Streets what Mischiefs come!
 The very Dead can't pass in quiet Home.
 By some rude Jolt the Coffin-Lid was broke,
 And *Madam* from her Dream of Death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd! the Undertaker's Pay,
 Sour Faces, Cakes, and Wine quite thrown away.
 But some Years after, when the former Scene
 Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,
 The tender Husband took especial Care
 To keep the Passage from Disturbance clear;
 Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his Dear in such another Fright.

On Miss Floyd. By Dr. Swift.

When *Cupid* did his Grandfire *Jove* intreat,
 To form some Beauty by a new Receipt;
Jove sent, and found, far in a Country Scene,
 Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Looks serene,
 From which Ingredients, first the dext'rous Boy
 Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy:
 The *Graces* from the Court did next provide,
 Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride.
These

VI4 EPIGRAMS, &c.

These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious Grain,
Of nice Coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mixt up all, and his best Clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy Composition *Floyd*.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good Music.
How ill the Motion with the Music suits!
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the Brutes.

On the late Lord H——y. By the Earl of C——d.
Nature whilst *H——y's* Clay was blending,
Uncertain what the Thing would end in;
Whether a Female, or a Male;
A Pin dropt in, and turn'd the Scale.

In a Window of a Room in the Tower of London,
is wrote R. WALPOLE, 1712. Underneath it
are the following Lines.

Good unexpected, Evil unforeseen,
Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene;
Some rais'd aloft, some tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

On the Burser of a College in Oxford, cutting down
the Trees near to the said College, for his own Use.

Indulgent Nature to each Creature shows
A secret Instinct to discern its Foes:
The Goose, a silly Bird, avoids the Fox;
Lambs fly from Wolves, and Sailors steer from Rocks.
The Thief the Gallows as his Fate foresees,
And bears the like Antipathy to Trees.

To a bad Fiddler.

Old *Orpheus* play'd so well, he mov'd old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy Fiddlestick.

A Marriage Certificate. By Dr. Swift.
Under this Hedge in stormy Weather,
I join'd this Whore * and Rogue together;

* She was big with Child when the Ceremony was performed.

And

And none but he who made the Thunder,
Can put this Whore and Rogue afunder.

On an empty Coxcomb.

You beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's Nobody at Home.

The Advantage of having two Physicians.

One prompt Physician like a Sculler plies,
And all his Art, and all his Skill applies;
But two Physicians, like a Pair of Oars,
Convey you soonest to the Stygian Shores.

Liars compared.

Such a *Liar* is *Tom*, there's no one can lie faster,
Excepting his Maid, and she'll lie with her Master.

On a Grave-stone in Cirencester Church-yard.

Death takes the good, too good on Earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

On an old Maid.

Ancient *Phyllis* has young Graces;
'Tis a strange Thing but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own Faces,
And each Morning wears a new one;
Where's the Wonder now?

Epitaph on a Country Sexton.

Here lies old *Hare*, worn out with Care,
Who whilem toll'd the Bell;
Cou'd dig a Grave, or set a Stave,
And say *Amen* full well.
For sacred Song, he'd *Sternhold's* Tongue,
And *Hopkins'* eke also;
With Cough and Hem, he stood by them,
As far as Lungs wou'd go.

Many

116 EPIGRAMS, &c.

Many a Feast for Worms he drest,
Himself then wanting Bread ;
But lo! he's gone, with Skin and Bone,
To starve 'em now he's dead.
Here take his Spade, and use his Trade,
Since he is out of Breath ;
Cover the Bones of him, who once
Wrought Journey-work for Death.

The fair Fool. To Miss ———.

Selinda sure's the brightest Thing
That decks our Earth, or breathes our Air,
Mild are her Looks, like op'ning Spring,
And like the blooming Summer fair.

But yet her Wit's so very small,
That all her Charms appear to lie
Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
And strike no farther than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,
Our Ears are absent from the Feast ;
One Sense is surfeited with Sweets,
Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,
And tawdry Pride, a Tulip swell,
Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
Dull and insipid to the Smell.

By Mr. Prior.

To *John* I ow'd great Obligation,
But *John* unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the Nation :
Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady.
She first departed, he for one Day try'd
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

On

On some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.
 Those envious Flakes came down in Haste,
 To prove her Breast so fair;
 Grieving to find themselves surpast;
 Dissolv'd into a Tear.

On a Woman grown exceedingly demure after Marriage.
Chloe new-married, looks at Men no more;
 Why then, 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

On my Neighbour Thomas, and his Spouse.
 When *Thomas* calls his Wife his Half,
 I like the Fellow's Whim;
 For why? She horns him, so the Jilt
 Belongs but half to him.

On a bad Husband.
 On his Death-bed poor *Lubin* lies,
 His Spouse is in Despair;
 With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
 They both express their Care.
 A different Cause, says Parson *Sly*,
 The same Effect may give;
 Poor *Lubin* fears that he shall die,
 His Wife, that he may live.

Upon a Patch on a Lady's Face.
 That artful Speck upon your Face,
 Had been a Foil on one less fair;
 In her it hides a wounding Grace,
 And she in Mercy plac'd it there.

Solid Worth in a Wife.
 When *Loveless* married Lady *Jenny*,
 Whose Beauty was the ready Penny:
 I chose her, says he, like old Plate,
 Not for the Fashion, but the Weight.

The

The Pretender's Wish.

George came to the Crown without striking a Blow;
Ah! quoth the Pretender, wou'd I cou'd do so!

On MILTON.

Three Poets in three distant Ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in Loftiness of Thought surpass,
The next in Majesty, in both the last.
The Force of Nature cou'd no farther go:
To make a Third, she join'd the former two.

Written on the blank Leaf of an Ovid.

Ovid is the surest Guide

You can find, to shew the Way,
To a Woman, Maid, or Bride,
Who intends to go astray.

On Love.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Destroy'd by Knowledge, and at best
Lost in the Moment 'tis possest.

On an ugly old Maid that painted.

Leave off the Paint, Perfumes, and youthful Drefs,
And Nature's Failing honestly confess;
Double we see those Faults, which Art would mend;
Plain downright Uglinefs would less offend.

Phyllis's Age.

How old may *Phyllis* be, you ask,
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To answer is no easy Task;
For she has really two Ages.
Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on,
All Day let Envy view her Face,
And *Phyllis* is but twenty-one.

Paint,

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
 At Night, Astronomers agree,
 The Evening has the Day bely'd,
 And *Phyllis* is some forty-three.

From Martial. Lib. i. Ep. 20.

When Gammar *Gurton* first I knew,
 Four Teeth in all she reckon'd,
 Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
 And t'other two a second.

Courage, old Dame, and do not fear
 The third, whene'er it comes;
 Give me but t'other Jug of Beer,
 And I'll insure your Gums.

On a Miser and a Spendthrift.

Rich *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunning bend
 T' increase that Wealth he wants a Soul to spend;
 Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance set
 To spend that Wealth he wants the Sense to get;
 How happy wou'd to each appear his Fate,
 Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe's* Estate!
 Kind Fate and Fortune! blend 'em, if you can,
 And, of two Wretches, make one happy Man.

On a Devotee.

Pious *Selinda* goes to Prayers
 If I but ask the Favour;
 And yet, the tender Fool's in Tears
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,
 Or else had Hopes to win her;
 Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint;
 Or I of her a Sinner!

The

The true Reason.

Selinda ne'er appears till Night;
 And what won't female Envy say?
 But while she knows she shines so bright,
 Her Presence may supply the Day.

On a pretty common Woman.

Wou'd thou had'st Beauty less, or Virtue more;
 For Nothing's uglier than a pretty Whore.

On a pretty Lady of ill Temper.

Did *Celia's* Person and her Mind agree,
 What Mortal cou'd behold her and be free?
 But Nature has, in Pity to Mankind,
 Enrich'd the Image, and defac'd the Mind.

On Dr. Cade, dying by his own Recipe.

Cade, who had slain ten thousand Men
 With that small Instrument a Pen,
 Being sick, unluckily he try'd
 The Point upon himself, and dy'd.

A Lover's Anger.

As *Chloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you stay?
 In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour,
 You promis'd at Two, and pray look, Child, 'tis
 Four;

A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels;
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals:
 A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear——
 Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.

Lord blefs me! cry'd she, let a Body but speak!
 Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fell into my Neck:
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me to such a Degree;
 But I know you wou'd never believe one; pray see
 On the left Side my Breast what a Mark it has made.
 So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd;

That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
And forgot every Word I design'd to have said.

A Lady wrote upon a Window some Verses, intimating her Design of never marrying; under which a Gentleman wrote the following Lines.

The Lady who this Resolution took,
Wrote it on Glass, because it should be broke.

On a Feather in a Lady's Hair.

If C——ru but wear it, a Feather's a Charm,
Ah! who can be safe, when a Feather can harm?
Since first I beheld, what a Life have I led!
All Joy and Content with that Feather are fled.
Fly, Youth! from this Beauty, whoever thou art;
And warn'd by the Feather, beware of the Dart.

From Martial, Lib. iv. Ep. 48.

Varus invited me to sup of late;
The Food was scanty, but the Wealth was great;
Vast empty Plates and Cups of Gold were serv'd;
My Eyes were feasted, but my Guts were starv'd.
Varus! I did not come to gaze, but eat;
So take away your Plates, or bring some Meat.

From Martial, Lib. viii. Ep. 19.

Cinna cries out, I am not worth a Groat;
And is, Plague on him, what he wou'd be thought.

On setting up Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

Whilst *Butler*, needy Wretch! was still alive,
No gen'rous Patron wou'd a Dinner give?
See him, when starv'd to Death, and turn'd to Dust,
Presented with a monumental Bust!
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown;
He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

F

The

The Critical Moment. By Mr. Prior.

How capricious was Nature and Art to poor *Nell*!
 She was painting her Cheeks, at the Time her
 Nose fell.

*To Miss * * * **

We Men have many Faults,
 Poor Women have but two;—
 There's nothing good they say;
 There's nothing good they do.

*Advice to Miss * * **

If Youth and Beauty fade, my Dear,
 Impart them wisely while you may;
 If still they last, why shou'd you fear
 To give, what none can take away?

The Eye-Brow.

Her Eye-brow Box one Morning lost,
 The best of Folks are oft'nest crost,
 Sad *Hellen* thus to *Jenny* said,
 Her careless, but afflicted Maid:
 Put me to Bed then, wretched *Jane*!
 Alas! when shall I rise again?
 I can behold no Mortal now;
 For what's an Eye without a Brow?

On the same.

Hellen was just slipt into Bed,
 Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay;
 Away the Kitten with them fled,
 As Fees belonging to her Prey.
 For this Misfortune careless *Jane*,
 Assure yourself, was loudly rated;
 And Madam getting up again,
 With her own Hand the Mouse-trap baited.
 On little Things, as Sages write,
 Depends our human Joy, or Sorrow;
 If we don't catch a Mouse To-night,
 Alas! no Eye-brows for To-morrow.

Spoken

*Spoken by a Servant Maid in the Church doing Pen-
nance for defaming her Mistress.*

Here do I stand according to Law,
Compell'd to deny what both mine Eyes saw :
His B——s were down, her B——y was bare,
If he did nothing, what did he do there ?

On a hasty Marriage.

Married ! 'tis well ! a mighty Blessing !
But poor's the Joy, no Coin possessing.
In ancient Time, when Folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at Board and Bed ;
But hard's his Case, who can't afford
His Charmer either Bed or Board.

A Dream.

I dream'd, that buried in my Fellow Clay,
Close by a common Beggar's Side I lay,
And, as so mean a Neighbour shock'd my Pride,
Thus, like a Corpse of Consequence, I cry'd :
Scoundrel, be gone, and henceforth touch me not ;
More Manners learn, and at a Distance rot.
How ! Scoundrel ! in a haughtier Tone, said he ;
Proud Lump of Dirt ! I scorn thy Words, and thee :
Here all are equal ; now thy Case is mine ;
This is my Rotting-place, and that is thine.

The Emperor Adrian's Verses to his Soul, imitated.

Poor, little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing !
Must we no longer live together ?
And dost thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight, the Lord knows whither ?

Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot ;
And pensive, wav'ring Melancholy,
Thou dread'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not
what.

What is Thought ?

The Hermit's Solace in his Cell ;
 The Fire that warms the Poet's Brain ;
 The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell ;
 The Mad-man's Sport, the Wise-man's Pain.

The Feather.

In *Florimel's* Arms as quite out of Breath,
 I'll kiss thee my Charmer, I'll kiss thee to Death ;
 Cry'd *Thyrsis* in Raptures—but soon on her Breast,
 He sunk down his Head, and compos'd him to rest.
 Not long had they lain thus unactive together,
 Ere the Wanton pluck'd forth from the Bolster a
 Feather,
 And grasping him hard, 'till he open'd his Eyes,
 In a Tone of Derision, the witty one cries—
 To prevent being kill'd in the Manner you said,
 I resolve with this Feather to chop off your Head.

An Epitaph on Mr. FOOT.

Here lies one FOOT, whose Death may Thousands
 save ;
 For Death has now ONE FOOT within the Grave.

The Scotch Weather-Wife.

Scotland, thy Weather's like a modish Wife ;
 Thy *Winds* and *Rains* maintain perpetual Strife :
 So *Termagant* awhile her Thunder tries,
 And, when she can no longer scold—she cries.

A French Gentleman dining with some Company on a
Fast Day, called for some Bacon and Eggs. The rest
 were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a
 Sin. Hereupon he wrote the following Lines.

Who can believe, with common Sense,
 A Bacon-slice gives God Offence ?

Or,

Or, how a Herring hath a Charm
 Almighty Anger to disarm?
 Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
 Does he regard on what we dine?

*The WISE LAWYER; or Fees on both Sides strict
 Justice.*

Old Counsellor *Double*, well vers'd in the Laws,
 Can never consent to lose *Client* or *Cause*:
 Hence oft the wise Sage we at *Westminster* see
 On *each Side* retain'd, and on *each Side* take Fee.
 Yet say not, too rashly, he forfeits his *Troth*,
 To *neither* he's *false*, when he pleases 'em *both*.
 While *one* he will *charm* by his *strenuous Bawl*,
 He'll gain *t'other's Cause*, by not *speaking at all*.

In Grantham Church-yard.
John Palfryman, who lieth here,
 Was aged twenty-four Year;
 And in this Place his Mother lies:
 Also his Father, when he dies.

*Advice to Tom *****

Wou'd you to *Orcus'* Shades descend,
 To be exempt from Care;
 You need but *wench* and *tipple* well,
 And you will soon get there.

The false PATRIOT.

"Curse on that fordid Miser's Lust of Gold,
 "By whom his Country's Interest is sold,"
Auletes cries; and with a Patriot's Voice
 Declares, *or Liberty, or Death's my Choice*;
 But when N—slyly whispers in his Ear,
 Your Vote shall gain Two thousand Pounds a Year;
 With an obsequious Bow he thanks his Grace,
 And wonders how he cou'd mistake his Case.

On Mr. John Day.

Here lies the Body of *John Day*;
What *young John*? No, no.—*Old John*? Aye.

*On Richard Button, Esq; who was interr'd in a
Church near Salisbury.*

Oh Sun! Moon! Stars! and ye celestial Poles!
Are *Graves* then dwindled into *Button-holes*?

On a Man eating rotten Cheese.

Jack eating rotten Cheese, did say,
Like *Sampson*, I my Thousands slay;
I vow, quoth *Roger*, so you do,
And with the self-same Weapon too.

On a Lady's half-masking herself when she smil'd.

So when the Sun, with his meridian Light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble Sight,
We thank th' officious Cloud, by whose kind Aid
We view his Glory lessen'd in a Shade.

The Resignation.

My sickly Spouse, with many a Sigh,
Oft tells me—*Billy*, I shall die:
I griev'd; but recollected strait,
—'Tis bootless—to contend with Fate;
So Resignation to Heaven's Will
Prepar'd me for succeeding Ill:
'Twas well it did; for on my Life,
'Twas Heaven's Will to spare my Wife.

On a young Lady refusing to shew her Hand.

No Argument cou'd *Celia* move,
With strong Reluctance still she strove
Her lovely Hand to hide:
The Case is plain, she was afraid,
That plac'd in View, it might be said
'Twas by *her Hand* they dy'd.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a Miser.

Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise;
 His Heirs, that he may safely rest,
 Have put his Carcase in a Chest;
 The very Chest, in which, they say,
 His other Self, his Money, lay;
 And if his Heirs continue kind
 To that dear Self he left behind,
 I dare believe, that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

True Riches.

Iris, tho' wanting Gold and Lands,
 Lives chearful, easy, and content;
Corvus, unblest'd, with twenty Hands
 Employ'd to count his Rent.
 Sages of *Lombard*, tell me which
 Of these you think possesses more?
 One with his Poverty is rich,
 And one with all his Wealth is poor.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

With Virtue strong as your's had *Eve* been arm'd
 In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd!
 Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought,
 Nor had frail *Adam* fell, nor *Milton* wrote.

To the KING, on his Navy.

Shou'd Nature's Self invade the World again,
 And o'er the Centre spread the liquid Main,
 Thy Pow'r were safe, and her destructive Hand
 Wou'd but enlarge the Bounds of thy Command;
 Thy dreadful Fleet would style thee *Lord of all*,
 And rise in Triumph o'er the drowned Ball;
 Those Tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile Plains might go,
 And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

Epitaph on a Miser married to a Coquette.

Here resteth *John*, 'midst other Clay,
 Who heap'd up Riches every Day,
 And never gave one Doit away;
 Parted with nothing all his Life,
 But what in common was—his Wife.

On the Death of an Undertaker.

Subdued by Death, here Death's great Herald lies,
 And adds a Trophy to his Victories;
 Yet sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd Breath,
 Made it his Business still to look for Death.

On Wit.

True Wit is like the brilliant Stone,
 Dug from the Indian Mine;
 Which boasts two various Pow'rs in one,
 To cut as well as shine.
 Genius like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same Gift abounds,
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds.

On a Shadow.

The Sun now clear, serene the golden Skies,
 Where-e'er you go, as fast the Shadow flies;
 A Cloud succeeds: the Sunshine now is o'er,
 The fleeting Phantom fled is seen no more.
 With your bright Day, its Progress too does end,
 See here, vain Man! the Picture of your Friend.

On a Stingy Beau.

Curio's rich Side-board seldom sees the Light,
 Clean is his Kitchen, and his Spits are bright;
 His Knives and Forks, all rang'd in even Rows,
 No Hands molest, or Fingers interpose;
 A curious Jack, hung up to please the Eye,
 For ever still; whose Flyers never fly;

His

His Plates unsullied, shining on the Shelf;
For *Curio* dresses nothing, but himself.

The Question answer'd.

Why is a handsome Wife ador'd
By every Coxcomb, but her Lord?
From yonder Puppet-man enquire,
Who wisely hides his Wood and Wire;
Shews *Sheba's* Queen completely drest,
And *Solomon* in royal Vest:
But view them litter'd on the Floor,
Or strung on Pegs behind the Door,
Punch is exactly of a Piece
With *Lorrain's* Duke, or Prince of Greece.

On Cold.

The *Latin* Word for *cold*, one ask'd his Friend;
It is, said he,—'tis at my Fingers' End.

On the Derivation of the Word News.

The Word explains itself without the Muse,
And the four Letters speak from whence comes *News*.
From *North, East, West, South*, the Solution's made,
Each Quarter gives Accounts of War and Trade.

Hope and Fear.

Who has the better Game still *fears* the End,
Who has the worse, still *hopes* his Game will mend.

On Love.

The shaken Tree grows faster at the Root;
And *Love* grows firmer from some Blasts of Doubt.

On her Majesty in her Grotto.

Not more by Ensigns, than select Abode,
Distinguish'd are each Goddess and each God.
In *Paphos* Isle doth *Cytherea* dwell;
Neptune and *Thetis* in their watery Cell;
High on *Olympus' Top* sits scepter'd *Jove*,
And *Britain's Pallas* in her green Alcove.

On Treason.

Treason does never prosper; what's the Reason?
Why, if it prospers, none dare call it Treason.

On Drefs.

He who a *Goldfinch* strives to make his Wife,
Makes her, perhaps, a *Wagtail* all her Life.

The World.

This World is the best that we live in,
To lend, and to spend, and to give in:
But to borrow or beg, or get a Man's own,
It is the worst World that ever was known.

The Friendship of Sir Edward —.

Thus with kind Words, Sir *Edward* cheer'd his
Friend:

Dear *Dick*! thou on my Friendship may'st depend;
I know my Fortune is but very scant,
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see thee in Want.

Dick soon confin'd—His Friend, no doubt, wou'd
free him,

—His Word he kept—In want he ne'er wou'd see
him.

On an old Scold.

Scylla is toothless, yet when she was young,
She had both Teeth enough, and too much Tongue;
What shall we then of toothless *Scylla* say?
But that her Tongue has worn her Teeth away.

On Legacies.

They who in Life oppress, and then bequeath
Their Goods to pious Uses at their Death;
Are like those Drunkards, who, when laid asleep,
Disgorge the Liquor which they cannot keep.

On Repentance.

'Tis not to cry out Mercy, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd;
'Tis to bewail the Sins thou didst commit,
And not commit those Sins thou hast bewail'd.
He

He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather, what he means to do.

The contented Farmer.

I eat, drink, and sleep, and do what I please :
The KING at St. James's can only do these.

*Wrote on the Collar of a Dog, belonging to the
PRINCE at KEW.*

I am the Prince's Dog at Kew ;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose Dog are you ?

On Sir John Fry.

Here lies the Body of Sir John Fry.
Oh ! oh ! does he so ? There let him lie.

*Epitaph on Shakespear,
Extracted from his Play of the Tempest.*

The cloud-capt Towers,
The gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples,
The great Globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits,

Shall dissolve,

And, like the baseless Fabric of a Vision,
Leave not a Wreck behind.

Written in a young Lady's Almanack.

Think, bright Florella, when you see
The constant Changes of the Year,
That nothing is from Ruin free,
And gayest Things must disappear.
Think of your Glories in their Bloom,
The Spring of sprightly Youth improve,
For cruel Age, alas ! will come,
And then 'twill be too late to love.

On the Loss of Time.

Ticio stands gazing for the clouded Sun,
To be inform'd how fast his Hours shall run,
Ah ! foolish Ticio, art thou sound in Mind,
To lose by seeking, what thou seek'st to find ?

On Chloe's Picture.

When *Chloe's* Picture was to *Chloe* shown,
 Adorn'd with Charms and Beauty, not her own,
 Where *Hogarth*, pitying Nature, kindly made
 Such Lips, such Eyes, as *Chloe* never had ;
 Ye Gods ! she cries, in Extasy of Heart,
 How near can Nature be express'd by Art !
 Well ! it is wond'rous like ! nay, let me die,
 The very pouting Lip—the killing Eye !
 Blunt and severe as *Manly* in the Play,
Downright replies ; Like, Madam, do you say ?
 The Picture bears this Likeness, it is true,
 The Canvas painted is, and so are you.

On the Law.

Unhappy *Chremes*, Neighbour to a Peer,
 Kept half his Sheep, and fatted half his Deer ;
 Each Day his Gates thrown down, his Fences broke,
 And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke :
 At last resolv'd his potent Foe to awe,
 And guard his Right, by Statute, and by Law ;
 A Suit in *Chancery* the Wretch begun,
 Nine happy Terms thro' Bill and Answer run,
 Obtain'd his Cause, had Costs, and was undone. }

To Chloe weeping.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair *Chloe*, see
 The World in Sympathy with thee ;
 The chearful Birds no longer sing ;
 Each droops his Head, and hangs his Wing :
 The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
 And shed their Sorrows in a Shower.
 The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares ;
 They heave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears.
 Fantastic Nymph ! that Grief shall move
 Thy Heart, obdurate against Love :

Strange Tears ! whose Power can soften all,
But that dear Breast on which they fall.

A Butcher marrying a Tanner's Daughter.

A fitter Match than this cou'd not have been,
For now the Flesh is married to the Skin.

On a young Lady just married to a Clergyman.

The Gods assembled in Debate,
About *Amelia's* nuptial State,
A Gift so glorious, good, and great,
To whom they shou'd assign ;
Unanimously did agree,
That one so like themselves, wou'd be
I'll suited to Mortality,
So gave her a *Divine*.

L I F E.

Man, by Necessity compell'd, must go,
O'er Rocks and Perils, and thro' Vales of Woe ;
Man with the Morn begins his destin'd Race,
Joy in his Eye, and Pleasure in his Face ;
But oh ! what Rubs attend his setting Days !
His Sinews slacken, and his Strength decays,
His Limbs all ake, with hourly Toil oppress'd,
'Till wish'd-for Night restores him peaceful Rest :
Thus Man for ever labours and decays,
Counting his few, and those uneasy Days.
He scarce a Minute glories in his Bloom :
So harsh is Death's inexorable Doom !
So nigh, alas ! the Cradle and the Tomb !

Words are Wind.

If Words are but Wind, as some allow,
No Promises can bind ;
For breaking of the strictest Vow,
Is only breaking Wind.

Inscription

Inscription on a Clock in Yorkshire.

I serve thee here, with all my Might,
 To tell the Hours by Day, by Night;
 Therefore Example take by me,
 And serve thy GOD as I serve thee.

The modern Traveller.

From the Grand Tour, thro' *Paris, Florence, Rome,*
 The travell'd Youth returns accomplish'd Home:
 Learn'd in each *Gout*, and vers'd in every Fashion,
 He comes to teach, and to adorn the Nation.
 With smartest *Airs* he sparkles thro' the Town,
 And views with Scorn the Academic Clown.
 A modern Wit, extremely read in *French*,
 Can sing and dance, and drefs, and swear, and
 wench:
 Accomplishments like his demand Esteem;
 He knows the World,—ay, and the Word knows
 him.

R E B U S S E S.

1. **T**AKE the Devil's short Name,
 And much more than a Yard,
 You've the Name of the Dame
 I shall ever regard.
2. **T**HE greatest Noise on Sundays made,
 Tell us her Name in Masquerade,
 Whom I must kiss, or be a Shade. }
3. **O**NE of the softest Things in Nature,
 Beareth the Name of my dear Creature.
4. **T**HE Pleasure of the Sportsman's Chace,
 The Pledge in matrimonial Case,
 With Twenty Hundred Weight beside,
 Name her I wish to make my Bride.
5. **T**HAT

5. **T**HAT is a sweet Thing, if you could it obtain,
Would refresh you, and make you forget
ev'ry Pain,

Restore your lost Spirits, dispel all your Fears,
Your Sorrows divert, and dry up your Tears.
If you guess what it is, you will then know the
Dame,

Who, tho' colder than Ice, can make all others
flame.

6. **W**HAT's done when we buy, and done
when we play,

Is the Name of a Lady that's sprightly and gay.

7. **T**HE Sea-Port for *Dublin*, and the Hero's
Desire,

Is the Name of a Peer whom all must admire.

8. **W**HAT Death puts us all on, and Heirs
that are Male,

Is the Name of a Smart, whose Father sold Ale.

9. **T**HE Mate of a Cock, and Fore-runner
of Wheat,

The Grace of a Cat, and the House of a Hermit,
Is the Name of a Man, who was in Music
compleat.

10. **W**HAT in Man is a Grace, and in
Woman a Joke,

Or what Foreigners swear by, when Wrath does
provoke ;

Or when remov'd is wash'd and clean after,

Is the Name of a Man who has won a Lord's
Daughter.

SOLUTION to the REBUSES.

1. **M**ISS *Nick-ells.*

2. **M**iss *Bell.*

3. **M**iss *Cotton.*

4. **M**iss *Harrington.*

5. **M**iss *Knap.*

6. **M**iss *Sell-win.*

7. **E**arl of *Chesterfield.*

8. **M**r. *Parsons.*

9. **M**r. *Henry Purcell.*

10. **M**r. *Beard.*

RIDDLES.

1. **M**Y Face resembles all Mankind,
 I'm ever *blind* when *with* the blind;
 When I'm approach'd by Ladies fair,
 I'm just as handsome I declare;
 And when an ugly Girl I view,
 By *Jove* I'm just as ugly too.
2. **M**Y Mother is a *Man*,
 And all my Sisters too;
 Deny it if you can,
 That what I say is true.
3. **B**Y my Assistance Merchants speak,
 Tho' many *Seas* asunder.
 And yet I'm dumb, and soft, and weak,
 And is not that a Wonder?
4. **M**Y *Master* often lies with me,
 His *Wife* I oft' enjoy;
 Yet she's no *Whore*, no *Cuckold* he,
 And true to both am I.
 My Cloaths nor Women fit, nor Men,
 They're neither Coat nor Gown;
 Yet oft' both Men and Maidens, when
 They're *naked*, have them on.
 What's oft' my Belly, is oft' my Back,
 And what my Feet, my Head;
 And tho' I'm up, I have a Knack
 Of being still a-Bed.
5. **E**VER eating, never cloying,
 All devouring, all destroying,
 Never finding full Repast,
 Till I eat the *World* at last.
6. **I**'M in every one's Way, yet no Christian I stop,
 My four Horns ev'ry Day,
 Horizontally play,
 And my Head is nail'd down at the Top.
7. NOT

CONUNDRUMS. 137

7. **N**OT all that can be sung or said,
Will aught avail without my Aid.
8. **M**Y Voice is heard a Mile or two,
I talk so very loud ;
I speak when Lovers *cease* to woo,
And when they wear a *Shroud*.
9. **I** Daily *breathe*, yet have no *Life*,
And kindle *Feuds*, yet cause no Strife.

EXPLANATION of the RIDDLES.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1. A Looking-glass. | 5. Fire. |
| 2. A Person whose
Name was <i>Man</i> . | 6. A Turnstile. |
| 3. A Pen. | 7. Hearing. |
| 4. A Bed. | 8. A Bell. |
| | 9. A Pair of Bellows. |

Curious CONUNDRUMS.

- W**HY are the Torments of Hell like a Circle?
Because they have no End.
- Why is Tyburn like Marriage?
Because it ties fast for Life.
- Why is Mr. L—'s Head like a Pond without Water?
Because it is empty.
- Why is an Eunuch like a poor Fellow?
Because he has got No-thing.
- Why is a good Adviser like a lighted Lamp?
Because he is a Guide to our Ways.
- Why is a leaky Barrel like a Coward?
Because it runs.
- Why is a Cobler like a Parson?
Because he mends the Soul.

Why

138 CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Day and Night like Soldiers upon Centry?

Because when one comes, the other goes.

Why is Dr. R—k like a Dramatic Poet?

Because he is the Author of many Tragedies.

Why is the French Poet like a Figure 3?

Because he is an odd Figure.

Why is a Book like a Fruit-tree in Spring?

Because it is full of Leaves.

Why is a Woman's Tongue like a good Clock?

Because it never stands still.

Why are Lawyers the best Parsons?

Because they bring most to Repentance.

Why is it impossible to ravish some Women?

Because they are willing.

Why is a red-haired Lady like a Band of Soldiers?

Because she bears Fire-locks.

Why are most Pieces of Villainy like a Candle?

Because they are brought to Light.

Why is a Lady in her Shift like the Hague?

Because she is in Holland.

Why is a Man on Horseback like a Fan?

Because he is mounted.

Why is a little Girl in Arms, like a Woman that comes before her Time?

Because she is Miss-carried.

Tobit went out, and his Dog with him; he went not before, behind, nor on one Side of him. Then where did he go?

On t'other Side.

Why are Patty C——t's Breasts like a shrewd Tongue?

Because they are provoking.

Why are Free-Masons like an old Maid?

Because their Joke is stale.

Why is a Prime Minister like a Maypole?

Because it is an high Post.

Why

Why is swearing like an *old Coat*?

Because it is a bad Habit.

Why is the second Horse in a Race, like the Mainmast of a Ship?

Because he is next the Foremast.

Why is a Barrel of Beer, almost drawn out, like a Country-waggon?

Because it is tilted.

Why is my Lord Mayor like an Almanack?

Because he serves but a Year.

Why is thy Wig, Reader, like a Butcher's Shop?

Because there's a Calf's Head in it.

Why is a silly Fellow like a Feather-bed?

Because he is soft.

Why is a bad Pen like a wicked Man?

Because it wants mending.

Why is a good Sermon like a Plum-Pudding?

Because there are Reasons in it.

Why is a Taylor like a Sprout?

Because he will Cabbage.

Why is a Cobler's Stall like Hell?

Because there are bad Soles in it.

Why is the Moon like a Weather-Cock?

Because it often changes.

Where should a Lady clap her Hands, if a Man should enter a Room where she is quite naked?

On the Man's Eyes.

Why is a first Floor like a Lie?

Because it is a Story raised.

Why is a good Cook like a Woman of Fashion?

Because she dresses well.

Why is a blind Man heavier than one that can see?

Because he is not so light.

TOASTS,

TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, HOB NOBS, &c.

A Good Wife, and a great many of them.
 A Head to earn, and a Heart to spend.
 All we wish, and all we want.
 All that gives you Pleasure.
 All true Hearts and sound Bottoms.
 Community, Unity, Navigation, and Trade.
 Constancy in Love, and Sincerity in Friendship.
 Days of Ease, and Nights of Pleasure.
 Decent Oeconomy.
 Delicate Pleasures to susceptible Minds.
 Disappointment to those who barter the Cause of
 their Country for Ostentation or sordid Gain.
 Every honest Man his Right, and every Rogue a
 Halter.
 Friendship without Interest, and Love without
 Deceit.
 Frugality without Meanness.
 Gaiety and Innocence.
 Great Men honest, and honest Men great.
 Health, Joy, and mutual Love.
 Health in Freedom, and Content in Bondage.
 Health of Body, Peace of Mind, a clean Shirt,
 and a Guinea.
 Health, Love, and Ready-rino,
 To every one that you and I know.
 Honour and Influence to the public-spirited Pa-
 trons of Trade.
 Horses strong, Foxes plenty,
 Men strong, and Women healthy.
 Independency, and a genteel Sufficiency.
 Kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.
 Liberty, Property, and no Excise.
 Life, Love, and Liberty.

Love

Love without Fear, and Life without Care.

Love for Love.

Love, Fire, and Frolick.

Love and Opportunity.

May the Passions of Women be stronger than the
Prejudice of Education.

May the single be marry'd, and the marry'd be
happy.

May our Joy and Vigour be united, and both be
extensive.

May our Joys with the Fair give Pleasure to the
Heart.

May our Happiness be sincere, and our Joys be
lasting.

May our Pleasures be boundless, while we have
Time to enjoy them.

May Contempt be the Fate of such among us as
strut in foreign Foppery to the Destruction of
the Trade and Manufactures of England.

May Power ever continue in the Friends of Eng-
land.

May he who has neither Wife, Mistress, nor
Estate in England, never have any Share in the
Government of it.

May all those who for sordid Interest endeavour
to betray their Country, meet the same Fate
with their Predecessor, the grand Traitor Judas.

May the Enemies of England never eat the Bread
thereof, or, if they do, be choaked with the
first Bit.

May the Friends of England ever have Access to
the Throne.

May we always detest the Malice of those, who
attempt to disunite the Interest of our King and
Country.

May

May our Endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the Banner of Justice.

May we always be able to resist the Assaults of Prosperity and Adversity.

May our Conscience be sound, though our Fortune be rotten.

May Temptation never conquer Virtue.

May we be rich in Friends rather than Money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants Friendship also want Friends.

May our distinguishing Mark be Merit rather than Money.

May we be Slaves to nothing but our Duty, and Friends to nothing but Merit.

May we never seek Applause from Party-Principles, but always deserve it from Public Spirit.

May we, as Christians, be zealous without Uncharitableness; as Subjects, loyal without Servility; and as Citizens, free without Faction.

May Ability for doing good, be equalled by Inclination.

May our Benevolence be bounded only by our Fortune.

May those who inherit the Title of Gentlemen by Birth, deserve it by their Lives.

May Fortune be always an Attendant on Virtue.

May we never swear a Tradesman out of his Dues, nor a credulous Girl out of her Virtue.

May the Man we love be honest, and the Land we live in free.

May we always have a Friend, and know his Value.

May Hemp bind him whom Honour can't.

May they never want, who have Spirit to spend.

May those who love truly be always believ'd,

And those who'd deceive us, be always deceiv'd.

May he that made the D—l take us all.

May we never want a Friend, and a Bottle to give him.

May the Friends we love be sincere, and the Country we live in be free.

May we never taste the Apples of Affliction.

May we please and be pleased.

May we have in our Arms what we love in our Hearts.

Merit to gain a Heart, and Sense to keep it.

Money to him that has Spirit to use it,

And Life to him that has Courage to lose it.

More Friends, and less Need of them.

Peace and Plenty.

Perpetual Disappointment to the Enemies of England.

Pleasures that please on Reflection.

Plenty to a generous Mind.

Provision to the Unprovided.

Queen of Joy.

Star above the Garter.

Success to the Lover, and Joy to the Beloved.

Success to our Hopes, and Enjoyment to our Wishes.

Success to the Lover, Honour to the Brave,

Health to the Sick, and Freedom to the Slave:

Sweet Briars.

Taste to our Pleasure, and Pleasure to our Taste.

That Prudence, Moderation, and an invariable Attention to the Public Good, may cement the People of England.

That Freemen may never more be considered as a Property to be led to Market.

The King to the Laws and the Church to the Bible.

The

44
T O A S T S, &c.

The honest North Country Smith, who refused to
shoe for the Man who voted against his Country.
The honest Patriot, and unbias'd Briton.
The steady Friends of Britain.
The Pleasures of Imagination realiz'd.
The Love of Liberty, and Liberty in Love.
The two Strangers at Court. [*Honour and Honesty*.
The agreeable Rubs of Life.
The Harvest of Life, Love, Wit, and Good-hu-
mour.
The Friend we love, and the Woman we dare
trust.
The Pleasure in pleasing.
The nice House-maid.
The losing Gamesters.
The Road to a Christening.
The Female Oeconomist.
The Union of two fond Hearts.
What charms, arms, and disarms.
Your Love for mine, and ours for that of the
Company.

The CONCLUSION.

TO please I've taken wond'rous Pains,
And weary'd out my *jaded* Brains;
I've exercis'd my utmost Art,
To elevate the *Reader's* Heart;
In short, here's Fun enough to win ye,
Or 'faith, good Folks, the Devil's in ye.

F I N I S.



9/82

OL1-1-

A11, B-F12 franks

title + last leaf strengthened

(A) poss = fawkes